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Arms--and the Men

by

Cyril Arthur Player

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WARREN G. HARDING
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



Arms--and the Men

Intimate Personal Glimpses of
Delegates, Attaches and Unoffi-
cial Personages at the Washing-
ton Conference on the Limita-
tion of Armament and Pacific
and Far Eastern Problems.

By

Cyril Arthur Player

of the

Staff of The Detroit News

*A Series of Articles Published in The Detroit News
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TO THE
APPROPRIATE



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Preface

THE Conference on the Limitation of Armament and Pacific and Far Eastern Problems, held in Washington at the invitation of President Harding, was notable not only for the importance of its agenda but for the distinction of its personnel. And it was for the purpose of acquainting the public with these persons, their strengths and weaknesses, their temper, and their background of experience and information, that Mr. Cyril Arthur Player was dispatched to the National Capital. There he attended the sessions of the Conference; saw the delegates and other influential figures, official and unofficial; and personally interviewed and studied them. The completeness and intimacy of his contact gave to his articles a special significance; and it is in the belief they have historical value, as well as a high degree of interest, that The Detroit News republishes them in this form.

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The President

PRESIDENT HARDING stood on the threshold of the room where he was to receive the great New Year's throng and, turning to a friend, placed one hand on his shoulder and the other on his arm.

"A happy New Year," he said with that boyish smile, as he gazed long into the eyes of the friend.

"And yours, Mr. President," came the reply, as the friend motioned toward the waiting line outside, "already has begun!"

It was a happy day for the President. More than 6,000 persons, the records say, shook his hand that day and he, forgetful of the physical energy it consumed, gave himself up to pure enjoyment.

It was, in its way, the typical Harding gesture. The crowd wound its way in a long ribbon through the White House grounds, along Pennsylvania avenue past the State, War and Navy Building, and down Seventeenth street, to within sight of those buildings where the Conference holds its sessions. It was a symbol. The President is the connecting link between that ribbon of humanity which stretches to the confines of the Union and that potent conference.

The greatness of Harding is the greatness by which he chose a greater than himself to hold office under him. None denies the high mentality of Charles Evans Hughes, Harding least of all. Harding was big enough to give him the highest cabinet position. Harding welcomed the Conference in simple terms and then stepped aside. To Secretary Hughes was given the opportunity to win everlasting fame as the moulder of a great event. His first speech proved it, for while the President's speech faded away, the words of Hughes rolled thunderously around the world and awakened startled echoes in every capital.

President Harding is the man who stood aside. In perfect loyalty and in complete confidence he has left his delegates to their task. There is no critical atmosphere about the White House. Hughes, Lodge, Root, Underwood fear no complications because of wilful opinion from the executive. To them he has given the task; their results he accepts.

All this the people see, and all this they seemed to express as they filed past in their tens of hundreds in a simple, ancient ritual of good will. They were anonymous in their units, but a nation in their collective significance; just as President Harding is and prides himself on being "just folks," but at the same time is the chief magistrate of a great democracy.

Perhaps history will remember the words of Harding longer than those of Hughes; for what Hughes uttered was the plea for expediency, the solution of a material problem; while the words of the President were the eternal faith of the nation.

United States of America

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

OF many famous parts on an important stage, each has contributed something to that which is today Charles Evans Hughes. He is, in himself, a composite picture of public life.

This man casts a big shadow; when the sun is in the right place, his shadow stretches from his office in the State, War and Navy Building clear across the grounds of the White House, envelopes the executive mansion and touches the Treasury Building beyond.

The voice is Harding's voice, but the hands are the hands of Hughes.

It is interesting to reflect that this man might have been a Baptist preacher; doubtless he would be a good one. But in turning from the clear waters of ministerial office to the opaque stream of politics he has established himself as the human filtration plant. Muddied water flows into the State Department and a thin, pure trickle of common sense comes out. No, it doesn't gush out.

In time to come books will be written about Charles Evans Hughes and will be put into the hands of good little boys, and perhaps of bad little boys as well. They will tell the story of the boy prodigy who won incredible success, a favorite theme with writers of books for boys, but not easily exemplified in real life.

Of instances where great success has followed youthful privation there are many. Charles Hughes, the Baptist preacher's son, was not one of these. He was a good boy who absorbed his lessons like a furnace does coal. He had completed school when he was 11 years old, and was too young to be accepted by any university, and so his father engaged private tutors to try to teach him during the intervening years something he didn't know.

When Charles reached the point where the Baptist ministry no longer fascinated him as the field for his career, the dearest hope of his parents vanished.

But no one doubts the boy put his case in a detached, logical way, reduced to its fundamentals. He never has made a decision in which he did not believe. Most parents, with such a boy, would indulge themselves with rainbow dreams of his future; few boys have justified so completely the ambitious pride of a father and mother.

The Charles Evans Hughes, whose abundant presence is the focusing point of the Conference on Limitation of Armament and Far Eastern questions, is a reminiscence of all he has been. Authority and success are stamped on him. There is the questioning attitude of the investigator; the purpose of the administrator; the analytical character of the jurist; the poise of the justice; the condescension of the Presidential nominee; the reserved dignity of the Secretary of State.

No one of his brilliant roles is entirely lost to him; he is never completely and exclusively the Cabinet officer; you can see a trace of

all his experiences if you scrutinize him closely. He takes conditions as he finds them, and meets them with a naked eye.

Today there are more conspicuously three of Hughes.

The one seen by the public now in Washington is Chairman Hughes. It is not the best Hughes, but it is an excellent synonym for a public official. He enters slowly and impressively, turning his shoulders and head a very little to either side as he walks. His head is high, and from above his luxuriant whiskers he glances keenly but coolly at the assembly. As he approaches the center of the room where the delegates are standing in groups, his attitude softens the merest trifle with a brief smile, a rare handclasp, but usually a friendly nod which is not a nod at all, but the hint of a stately bow.

And if his greetings lack everything that is really informal, so is his affability as presiding officer not the rosy thing to describe as genial, but rather an austere courtesy, thinly edged with a suggested smile.

It is chairmanship glorified and he is the last word in presiding officers. Nor does he permit himself those compromise relaxations common to those gathered around a conference table to hear speech-making. Others may fidget, but Hughes sits in easy erectness. Others may scribble on paper before them; Hughes keeps his face turned attentively, but not alertly, toward the speaker. If Briand speaks for an hour, then for an hour Hughes will sit like a Roman consul, half in deference, half in judgment, and turn neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Unhurried, undisturbed, unforgetful, he pervades the session. Perhaps from that Baptist connection he gives it something of a religious calm, to fracture which with hard words and harder names on the part of the delegates would be sacrilege.

He is as rigid and symbolic in the presence of the delegates as the Washington Monument.

The second Hughes is the official Hughes, the Secretary of State, who conducted the negotiations looking to this Conference, who heads the American delegation and who, in that capacity, presented the naval reduction plan which awakened the whole world.

This is the Hughes who, with his sixtieth year not yet completed, is at the height of his powers—powers conserved by judicious living and carefully-planned labors. He is the man of facts; he seeks them everywhere, holds them fast, adjusts them neatly and builds his judgments on them.

He has a good mind and he knows it. One feels that occasionally Mr. Hughes takes that mind apart, examines its compartments, throws away anything that has become obsolete, ties up neatly and compactly recent filings, and does not leave any package in any pigeon-hole with any dust on it. Discarding the old and useless, compressing the necessary, adding new facts—this is the process by which he has built up that prodigious memory which confounds those who meet him in discussion.

Where others rely on emotion of the moment, psychological effect or clever phrase, Hughes relies substantially on immutable fact. Give him a speech of 5,000 words and, within a remarkably short time, he will have reduced it by his own chemical process of analysis to 50. So he thinks, and so he speaks, and that is why when he speaks, the

foreign delegates and their advisers listen with ears strained. You can't afford to miss facts.

But the third Hughes is the human Hughes, the man which, probably, was the boy, and which remains the permanent individuality under the layers of public and semi-public experience. This Hughes you see in his office, when he throws his pencil on the blotter and gets briskly to his feet, with a little straightening jerk, to meet a newspaper correspondent.

He is a square-looking man; physically constructed to wear clothes well, as he does. He is groomed from the carefully-parted beard and mustache, now turning gray, to the immaculate shoes. He holds himself erect, even as he does when he enters the Conference hall, but the slight swagger is gone; it is the erectness of a man who likes to hold himself so; and his fine eyes smile.

If, when he was a Presidential candidate, he was an iceberg, the ice seems to have melted, even if the sea remains none too warm.

He speaks quickly, promptly and decisively; his thoughts travel fast. He uses a forefinger for emphasis constantly, but apart from that he has only one noticeable gesture. It is a sweeping motion with which he puts on his eyeglasses, so quickly that you wonder how on earth he hits the spot and makes them stay put in the fraction of time.

And he can laugh—he throws back his head and laughs, showing two wide rows of glistening teeth. Only two men at the Conference know how to laugh: Hughes and Foster Pearce, of Australia. Pearce shows only one row of teeth, and not so white. Hughes' laugh is quick, spontaneous and wholesome; and when he replies his eyes continue to express amusement and wrinkle pleasantly at the corners.

He is not afraid to talk and, unlike Balfour, when he talks he usually says something—that is, something informative, even if not quotable. He trusts newspaper men; at least he trusts them to the point of giving frank explanations of his position, so that they may face in the right direction.

When you talk with representatives of the foreign delegations in Washington, and mention Hughes, they look thoughtful; with some you almost can see a mental doffing of the hat. None is disposed to underestimate the force and precision of a man who has shown himself so ready to talk "right out in meeting," and is in a position where he may do it unchecked; a man who has the courage to claim principles and having claimed them to stick by them and fight for them.

They may dine and entertain, dispute and confer, but on this one point they act with unanimity; they all keep an eye on Hughes.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

WHEN the Elizabethan Era passed away it left a tradition. That tradition is Henry Cabot Lodge. It is not fair to be too hard on Senator Lodge; he has a great many things against him, including himself. He was born in Boston, 71 unctuous years ago. Why say anything more?

A gentleman and a scholar, born in Boston, is already complete, absolute, plenary. Earth can contribute no more, heaven but bestows a halo of respectful recognition. Deeply as he hoped to become President, it is absolutely sure that if Mr. Lodge had his choice between being President and being born in Boston, he would wither the former alternative with a couple of platitudes and a dialectical expletive.

So far, so good. He was born in Boston. He was born a Lodge. He is allied with the Cabots. He was educated in the excluding and exclusive atmosphere of Harvard. He edited the North American Review.

Having inherited and achieved all these distinctive and distinguishing things, Henry Cabot Lodge could condescend. He entered politics. He has been condescending ever since, and there are times when it makes him snappish.

Starting out by being potential, he has ended by becoming sinister. Between those two widely separated days is the colorless story of a humorless, unimaginative man whose patriotism lagged somewhat behind his partisanship but who, for weal or woe, remained ever a Cabot Lodge of Boston.

He of all men may turn his doleful countenance toward the Republican Party and sing in a refined but chastely reproving voice, "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

When Henry Cabot Lodge became a member of the Massachusetts house of representatives, Boston thought him a scholarly dilettante. But when he entered the House of Representatives in Washington, all New England caught its breath and with eyes tight shut dreamed of the millenium. Why not, with a Lodge in Washington? But when he conferred himself on the United States Senate it really seemed that Boston had done its duty, had unbent so to speak, had shaken the political hand of the unlettered Middle West and less lettered West, had stepped down from its chariot to walk a few paces with the humble pedestrians. It was daring. It was novel. But a Lodge can do no wrong.

Now in this merry disillusionment of experience it is unfair to forget that this man in his quiet, penetrating and assertive way has two sides to his character, both, however, in the shade. Because he is a statesman, people refer to him as a scholar, while because Wilson is a scholar, they refer to him as a statesman. Each is both in a certain sense, and the scholarship of Lodge to the scholarship of Wilson is as the candle to the electric bulb.

Nevertheless Lodge is a painstaking scholar who has garnered a thousand choice mementoes from his readings and hasn't the faintest idea what to do with them. He has created nothing in particular except a reputation for causing a great deal of trouble, and what he writes he writes a trifle stiffly as one who meditates his syllogism sternly and sees, by night, the appreciative adulation which shall be surrendered him by those who know.

He was a youth of promise, a mere 37, a stripling in Boston's eyes, when he came to Washington. But what a stripling! An invisible laurel wreath on his brow, a choice and expurged vocabulary on his lips, he was Sir Galahad seeking the Holy Grail of Political Reform. All Congress should feel the gentle dew of New England culture and the nation enjoy an intellectual diffusion.

So the ark of the covenant became a Lodge, who sought to redeem a people and lead it, like another Moses, into the promised land—and still seeks. Yes, still seeks. Nations are stubborn, and cling with perverse futility to the split infinitive.

Senator Lodge deceived himself. He persuaded himself that he was marching forward by the delusive process of entering the hall of reaction backward, so that he looked as if he was coming out. Because what he reads does not supply him with mental calories, but serves

only as chewing gum, he has failed to impel himself forward on the crest of the wave and has scorned to permit himself to be borne forward in the common bosom of the stream. So he drifts sadly and slowly around in his little back water and old things gather about him—flotsam and jetsam of traditions, ancient myths, mediaeval habits of mind,—until when he arises in public life he looks like an optical illusion, an incredible anachronism, strayed into the twentieth century for its bewilderment.

Lodge is what he is by necessity, not choice. He bestowed his virgin political life on the Republican Party of his ancestral deities, and to it he has given these long and crumbling years. How familiar his figure must be at the presiding table of a national convention! How familiarly the furnishings of the Senate chamber must look on this venerable man! Surely such peerless devotion, such pure partisan consecration merits the highest reward.

Are gentlemen and scholars so common in senatorial life? Alas, no.

Then how comes it that this superior son of a house whose founders attended strictly to business and saved their money; this erudite, benign looking student, has not received that which is within the power of his grateful party to bestow?

And he so willing.

Well, there are stories. Some say the larger light of Wilson eclipsed the lesser scholar in the Senate. Others say he expected the nomination at Chicago in 1920, but somehow it passed him by. Everything begins to pass him by. That is the punishment for growing old in mind as well as in body. Henry Cabot Lodge still ruminates his classics and chews the cud of political reflection as it appeared in the rare atmosphere of the Boston of 1880.

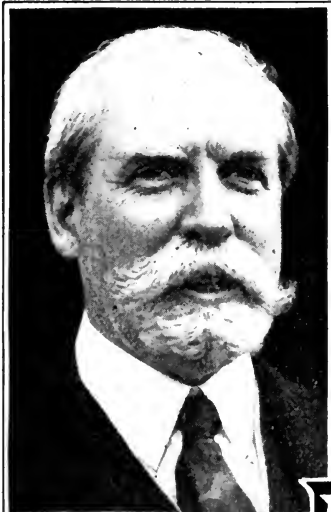
When he bestowed his superior scholarship and moderate talent on the Senate he came to the one sweet harbor where age brings honor, and not merely honor, but power. Lodge stayed. He has seen the whole face of the membership change, until virtually he and he alone remains of the number who sat with him on that memorable day in 1893 when he first surveyed the cushioned arena of his declining years. But as the others passed from the leisurely precincts of the Senate chamber, Senator Lodge accumulated the authority they left behind them until he reached—almost, not quite—the pinnacle of his ambition, simply by accretion.

In 1879 he had edited the *International Review* and from that day forward he set himself to be the student of foreign relations. "They say" his ambition, failing the Presidency, was to be Harding's Secretary of State. Instead he broods as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and leader in that body of his party, a most powerful figure, a responsibility so much larger, in fact, than his capacity.

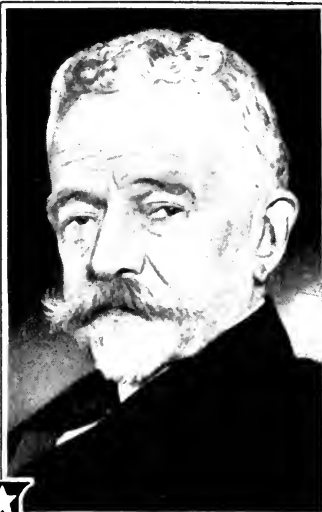
His mind is of narrow compass, as witness his bitter and even malicious hostility to Woodrow Wilson. Just as Lodge and not the Senate was the enemy Wilson perceived in his moments of despondency, so not the National Executive but Wilson, the man, was the object of the Senator's keenest cuts, and he knows how to wound, likes to wound—it satisfies his sense of position, and gives him that feeling of precedence and superiority which he has been denied in the quest for higher office.

Relinquished by his party to the Senate, he has convinced himself that, after all, the Senate is the Government, with the paradox of a

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



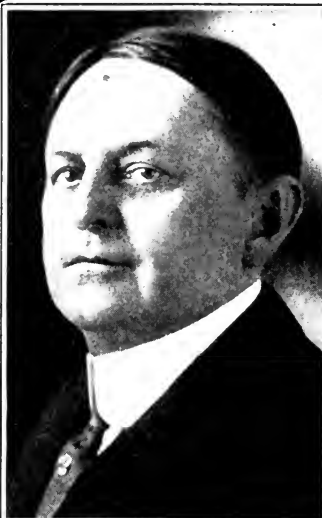
CHARLES EVANS HUGHES



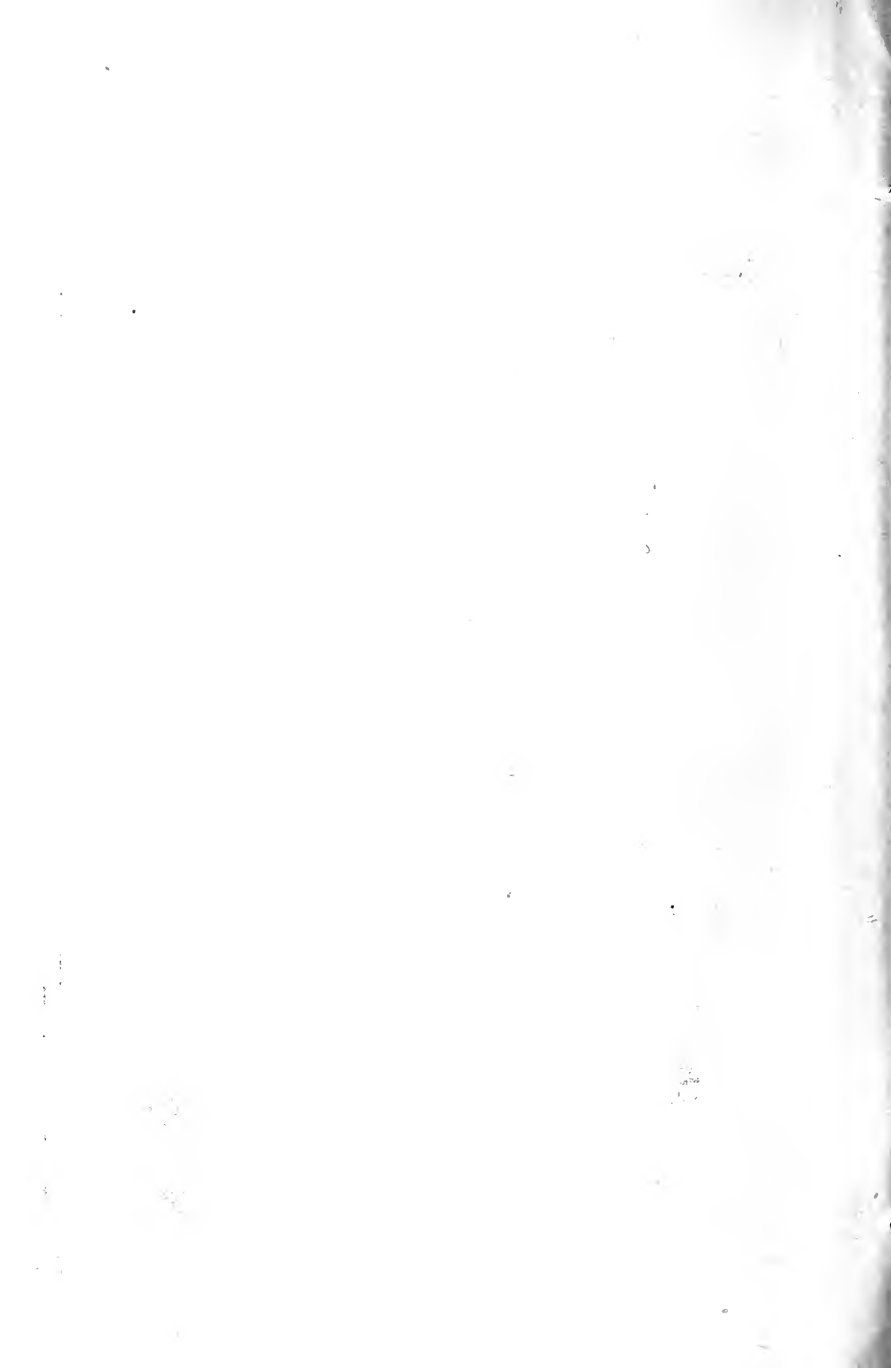
HENRY CABOT LODGE



ELIHU ROOT



OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD



major arm of a tri-partite establishment whose three units were created indispensable each to the others. This makes him grave, and his eyes are ludicrously aflame with conceit of power. The grin with which he sits through moments of ceremony, as at the present Conference, is his conscientious concession to affability. He wishes to appear approving, but not necessarily approved.

This withdrawn, reserved manner of expressing the power he feels to be his is dramatized by his frail, brittle figure, the close buttoned black coat, the painfully slow walk, the chalk-like face, puckered with the ridges and hummocks of withered flesh, the sixteenth century beard, the tilted eyebrow and the querulous impatience, almost contempt, with which he chafes under opposition. He is a figure on whom a gray frost has set a blighting hand.

That he has been a faithful servant to his party none can deny. But Lodge came not to the Senate to serve but to be served. Alas for the scholar and gentleman of Boston, the crusader of 1880, he discovered that he also serves who only stands and waits. Lodge has waited, it is the keynote of his career—to wait, and garner the fruits, to wait, and outlive, and outlast, and out-intrigue.

Only he waited too long, outlasted too long and, pitifully enough, outlived his day. No lost opportunities haunted him. He was his own opportunity, limited by the bounds of his ego.

His reward is rich, certainly as rich as his ability. His career faithfully and justly reflects the man.

If that reflection is dim and hard to discern by an outsider, whom shall he blame? In point of fact, he blames no one. He clutches with two thin hands the truncheon of power and simpers like a delighted child with the conscious pleasure of authority.

From the ridicule that might abash him, from the criticism that might shame him, he is saved by a triumphant and indestructible vanity.

When his hands shake a little with their burden, when his voice fails to stir, when the shadows seem a little closer, he may whisper to himself the precious formula of his faith, embodied in his birth and heritage:

Henry Cabot Lodge, scholar and gentleman, of Boston.

ELIHU ROOT.

ELIHU ROOT is a man who always falls short. Because he realizes this he prefers now to have his photograph taken in profile. But a full face view of Root tells his story. Yet he prefers that you look at him sideways and for that matter he prefers to look at you sideways. There's a reason.

When Root came into the world Polk was President. Root is an old man. Think of the history his span of life encompasses—Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln (Root was a graduate of Hamilton college the year before the assassination), Johnson (Root was admitted to the New York bar), Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, Cleveland's second term, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding. From the 11th to the 29th presidencies. Eighteen names of history, and his own not among them. He always falls short.

If you want to know the career of Elihu Root, it is written in almost a full column of "Who's Who." It is an impressive record, but has scarcely an item that sticks conveniently in the memory. He has been

Secretary of State, but he was not a great Secretary of State; he has been a Senator, but he was not a great Senator; he has headed important commissions, but they have not made him important; he stands high in the regard of several other countries, but his own has refused to honor him conspicuously. He, like Balfour, is mistrusted by many, and, different from the case of Balfour, he has no hereditary system of privilege to command precedence for him.

The public, so often bullied, so often misled, so often fooled, so often treated with contempt, has an infallible eye for the genuine, if you give it time. Root has given it 76 years, and at the end of that time of ample trial must content himself with being a dwindling figure, lifted into public position by appointment and only then where his acknowledged genius can be utilized safely.

He is a remarkably brilliant man, who has devoted his highest capacity to the art of compromise, on the basis that a clever lawyer can always make compromise into a victory if he serves his client well. So Root is a compromiser, a man of subtlety, a man to whom principles are expedients only, a man of much guile and many uncovered thoughts.

Elihu Root sits at the Conference table and gently rocks his chair back and forth, and says nothing. He does not smile; his face is immobile. It has become what the Scotch would call a dour face, set with a heavy groove of embitterment, or so it seems. He lowers at the world with a mouth drawn down and heavy eyes. His gray fringe tries to belie his years, but there they sit, seventy and six of them, pulling down his cheeks, dragging at his pouched eyelids. His fingers are large knuckled and sit strangely on the green topped table beside the slender skeletons of Henry Cabot Lodge. They might be the knotted hands of Foster Pearce across the way, but the Australian's are strong and gnarled with toil. The veins, too, are big, and so are those of Root. They are a striking contrast, Root and Pearce, in spite of the difference in years; for Pearce has a face time will emphasize in dignity; with Root time has dealt indifferently.

Age has made him somewhat sluggish; he moves slowly, as does Lodge, and he looks neither to the right nor to the left; just makes his way stiffly toward the door or toward the Conference table. Only three years separate him from his crony, Arthur James Balfour, but Balfour is the pink of boyish affability; he has learned how to be pleased by trying to please. Root has not.

The two old men, Root and Balfour, frequently emerge together from their neighboring apartments in the same building just a few doors from the British embassy. Balfour has the British mind; Root has the international mind, but he trained his international mind in Balfour's British school.

When a personality in whose long life there have been few if any convictions of faith, few fundamental beliefs except in the adroitness of the human mind, becomes international, it gravitates naturally to the European viewpoint rather than the idealistic concept associated with the name of Woodrow Wilson.

Root has grown up in the inner circle of that international movement which saw its birth at The Hague. He has been identified with every phase of it; he has seen the interplay of European interests rising always superior to the movement itself and using it for national ad-

vancement. He was well adapted to just such negotiations, and to his natural penchant for shrewd legalism is added the cynicism bred from these experiences.

Perhaps that is why he looks across at Schanzer with lack luster eye, is unmoved by the rhetoric of Briand, but pays close attention to the cautious remarks of Balfour and Kato. He is a practical man, who always has a client's viewpoint as his own, and knows that the compromise, for him, is to be found in the words of the Old World and not the ideals of the New. So he looks at you sideways.

The impression he gives is an uncomfortable one of skepticism and indifference, which he seems too tired or too careless to conceal. This effect is heightened in closer contact by the unfriendly expression of the eyes and a certain detached compactness with which he seems to keep himself outside the current of popular interest and emotion which has been so important a factor in this conference.

It is by such things that one judges Root; and in them finds the answer to his comparative failure to develop his opportunities, his failure to become President, his failure to add to the national record any great contribution, either in law or purpose. His record is one of expediency, and its memory passes in a little day. He is impermanent. It is written in his baffled equivocal countenance; it is not so perceptible in profile.

His figure is not without the element of tragedy. Born in an hour of crystallization in national consciousness, and marching with an era when opportunity was boundless and incredible reward of imperishable gratitude could be, and has been accorded to those who served the nation well; gifted with a mental capacity of unusually high order; with education; with high public office in his hands; with intimate association with those identified with world direction; nothing has been denied him except that which he denied himself: The moral principles on which all enduring greatness must be based.

So he dwindles; seems a dwarfed and shrunken Machiavelli lingering threateningly on the threshold of a more generous day. His small figure, the bald ring now become conspicuous, the face set in the lines of self considered age, passes to and fro almost without comment. He is of the past, and he and his kind are fighting the last fight for those international methods which have ruled the world since Elizabeth was Queen. He was born when Polk was President. He is an old man. And for company in his twilight he has the ghosts of lost opportunities.

OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD

IF you were to enter the smoking room of a big athletic club, or of a chamber of commerce, with many large comfortable chairs, and a group of large, comfortable, satisfied, prosperous-looking gentlemen occupying them, in the center, in the largest and most comfortable chair, looking most large, comfortable, satisfied and prosperous of them all would be a man of the type of Oscar Wilder Underwood.

It is customary to allude to him as a southern leader, but he is not a southern leader in anything representative of what is tragically called the Old South. He leads, you might say, squinting at his picture, possibly in stupidity; but that is not so; Senator Underwood is by no means stupid; merely his features belie him. He is a large and im-

portant body of common sense, entirely surrounded by complacency. The commonest kind of common sense.

He comes of excellent stock; rousing stock; stock of a kind and substance which gives this country its backbone. Refer back to the grandfather of Oscar Underwood, the United States senator, Joseph Rogers Underwood, and you are in the middle of American romance. That bluff Underwood lived with an uncle of a revolutionary turn of mind who had settled in what later became Barren County, Kentucky. Joseph Rogers Underwood fought the Indians and the British opposite Fort Meigs, and in Dudley's defeat, May 5, 1813. He was wounded while in command of his company, taken prisoner covering the retreat and forced to run the Indian gauntlet. Paroled, he made the journey home to Barren County by canoe and on foot. He was the first white man to make the water trip across the Ohio River.

There is nothing in Oscar Wilder Underwood to recall that sturdy grandparent, though doubtless there runs in his veins that pioneer blood thinned perhaps by good living, diluted by the indifferent nourishment of a political life.

He is a tall man; a large man—large up and down; large round about. His face is compact, almost completely circular, and his nose is infinitesimal compared with the rest of his bulk. The coloring of his face is fresh and robust. He has a well-kept up look about him. His hair is parted neatly in the middle, is correctly trimmed, and is plastered closely down on either side. His suit is always well pressed. His shoes glisten—almost gloat.

This in appearance is Oscar Wilder Underwood, most orderly, well preserved and substantial of men, and of all senators one of the most commonly sensible.

The reflection suggested is, of course, an inquiry into the whys and the wherefores of American life which produced from a common stock that sort of an Underwood in 1812—this sort of an Underwood in 1921. The answer, with seeming accuracy, lies in the environment of each and, as present concern is with this Oscar who helps to represent the Nation at the Armament Conference, his career must tell the story and point the moral, if any.

Oscar W. Underwood was born 59 years ago in Louisville, Ky., and was educated at Rugby School, Louisville, and at the University of Virginia. He had lived for a time in Minnesota and there, perhaps, acquired his northern viewpoint. He adopted Alabama when he was ready to begin the practice of law, and settled in Birmingham. This is probably the most important item in his chronicle.

Birmingham at that time had not more than 5,000 population. But Birmingham is the center of important iron, coal and limestone deposits. Industry has centered there; northern capital has come in. And the industrial, northern-backed metropolis of the South has produced Oscar W. Underwood. If other Southern cities went through a similar experience they, in return, would produce various modifications and enlargements of Underwoods.

You don't have to accept this theory. Roll your own.

Underwood has been in Democratic politics all his life. He knows his politics as he knows his law, and he knows his law as he knows his politics; and he knows how to blend them into a very comforting mixture. He was chairman of the Democratic executive committee of the Ninth District, Alabama, in 1892, and was a member of the Fifty-

fourth to the Sixty-third Congresses (1895-1915). He is remembered chiefly for the Underwood Tariff Act, which the Republicans seek, somewhat unhappily, to revise; and for his astute work as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

Things broke right for Underwood, nevertheless. He had the capacity for a big task, but the House, in the Wilson era, was not in the earlier years a difficult matter from the Democratic standpoint. Underwood grew comfortable and so passed to the Senate, of which the caustic Thomas Brackett Reed once said, "It is the place where good politicians go, when they die."

Here he grows even more comfortable, less active, but no less astute in political adroitness. His chief weapon is directness. He likes to use the phrase: "That's all there is to the proposition," in a jagged, cross-cut tone of voice. That almost catalogs him. "Two and two make four," remarks Senator Underwood bluntly, "and if the opposition says it is five, the opposition is, like Mr. Bumble considered the law, an ass. That's all there is to the proposition."

Nothing nimble or subtle or Lodge-like in Underwood. He, a heavy man, leans heavily on the most substantial sort of platitudes; he worships the obvious, and has a hearty contempt for oratory in itself. He is no orator, for his part, and rather likes to follow three or four lovely orations with some 75 words of crushing, plain statement.

He is a creature of facts, as was indicated in the opening paragraph; a materialist politician who believes a bird, even a blackbird, in the hand is worth all the winged words in the densely timbered dictionary.

If at a distance he gives an impression of being oleaginous, it is due possibly to his sleek outward appearance, rather than to a slick mental agility. He is not agile, but clever because he has investigated, appraised and card-indexed every trick of his trade; and his trade is politics.

He card indexes everything; he has a card index mind; the mind of a successful banker, lawyer or politician—or all three. That is what makes him so formidable. It is the painstaking, methodical men, men like Reed Smoot, Wesley Jones and Oscar Underwood, men to whom the others are compelled to go for information, who hold the real power in Congress. Underwood studied the tariff; he is an expert on tariff, just as he is an expert on parliamentary procedure; such things can be card-indexed; but he is not an expert on human nature, though he thinks he is, because that, despite a popular delusion to the contrary, may not be card indexed.

So imperfectly does Oscar Underwood understand human nature that he is opposed to most things considered vital to progressive government; he does not approve the initiative and referendum, looks askance at direct primaries, was hostile to woman suffrage, is not in sympathy with national prohibition (though a declared supporter of the law), and dislikes the recall. Nor has he a good case against any of those things. In fact, his arguments are elementary. "That's all there is to the proposition."

He is, in fact, lop-sided; in the wrong direction. That's a pity, for people prefer the plain sincerity of a Harding to the parliamentary adroitness of an Underwood. And Underwood does not consider himself beyond the prayers of a Presidential Electoral College.

He leads his party, and leads it ably. But whether he leads it in the right direction, or whether even he knows where, if anywhere, he is leading it, is a question many thoughtful Democrats put to themselves. Even William Jennings Bryan suspects him, publicly.

It may be said that Oscar Underwood is not less ripe, politically, than his rival on the other side, Henry Cabot Lodge. But ripe is scarcely a happy word, as witness the fruit of the medlar tree, which is ripe only when it is rotten. Underwood is merely ripe and, unlike Lodge, is not at all sinister. He has an open face, and a fairly open mind, and a completely open manner. Moreover opposition does not infuriate him as it does Lodge. Occasionally he tilts over a bit and grows cross, but on the whole he remains complacent and comfortable.

He is not an impressive figure at the Conference, though he adds an interesting variety to the "odd lot" gathered around that green-topped table. But his usefulness is undoubted: what he knows he knows completely.

Belgium

BARON DE CARTIER.

THE Baron Emile de Cartier de Marchienne, first Belgian ambassador to the United States, has an Irish mother, is married to an American wife, and speaks Iowa English.

His engaging shyness makes him a difficult subject to stalk; his part in the Armament Conference is so slight to date that no ammunition for the commentator is to be found therein. At the embassy he is only slightly visible, though one may tumble among counsellors, secretaries and experts to his heart's content. They all are willing to talk of the Baron, but their information is limited to two facts; he is very young; he is very amiable.

The Baron has a rakish air, though in fact a man of exceeding circumspection. Yet he has that air, his face heavily creased with a constant smile of invitation; dark eyes, one sheltered by a monocle, which look devilishly gay out of the corners; plug hat, silk-fronted coat, cane, gloves carried just so.

He is the correct thing in envoys, in appearance, speech and manner. If a building is to be dedicated, the Baron can be depended on to say the proper word with just the right degree of warmth to it, but not aflame with emotional heat. Also he speaks simply; when, for example, the occasion is the dedication of some war memorial and the Baron is expected to refer to the war, he says something like this: "We (the Belgians) are a small people, but we gave what we could!" It always brings down the house.

He celebrated his fiftieth birthday scarcely a month ago and he preserves the spirit of youth by having around him men all in the late thirties or early to middle forties. It is a youthful embassy, where the counsellor wears spats, but is willing to be chaffed by the secretary, who in turn grins boyishly when the blushing counsellor remembers and relates a story to confuse and confound him. Across and between darts busy M. Cartier, the financier, seeking telephones, letters and memoranda, or eager Chevalier d'Oplinter or serious M. Jules Jadot, who runs railroads in China.

Everyone is cheerful, everyone is happy, and everyone is a confirmed optimist at the Belgian Embassy; and the greatest optimist of them all is the Baron de Cartier.

De Cartier was educated in Belgium and has been in the diplomatic service of his country since 1893.

During his diplomatic career he has been stationed at Vienna, Rio de Janeiro, Tokio, Paris, London, Peking and Washington. Nine years of the last quarter century he spent in China, being appointed charge d'affaires just before the Boxer uprising. Subsequently he witnessed the important changes wrought in China by western influence. He came to Washington in 1917 as minister; the commission for relief in

Belgium was very active at that time and De Cartier co-operated naturally with Herbert Hoover in this work. At once the Belgian minister uttered a notable series of speeches of ceremonial character, in which he kept the cause of Belgium and the Allies well in the foreground. He was among the most ardent interpreters of Woodrow Wilson, and himself labored constantly to have the former President's ideals accepted and supported in Belgium.

He was not a Baron in those days, just plain Emile de Cartier de Marchienne. Marchienne is a small district of Belgium, where his family has lived for generations. The head of the family had borne the title of baron, but the title was abolished in the French Revolution. The natives of Marchienne alone ignored the revolution and its decrees, continuing to accord the title to the head of the De Cartiers.

When the war closed, King Albert of the Belgians, thinking to gratify American opinion and at the same time reward a faithful servant, re-established the barony, whereupon the people of Marchienne had a seven days' celebration, with a bonfire that could be seen almost from the Alps.

Baron de Cartier became, and has continued, one of his country's foremost figures in foreign relations. He was a member of the Supreme Economic Council of the Peace Conference, and represented Belgium on the Inter-Allied Commission on Reparations. He was one of that doughty band who occasionally reminded the larger powers that Belgium also fought in the War, with several other small and overlooked peoples, a reminder which always annoyed the Powers beyond expression.

The most celebrated thing the Baron has done since the War is to wed Mrs. Hamilton Cary, of New York, a daughter of Joseph Emery Dow, of Boston. The wedding took place in Paris, and put the bride's picture in almost every American newspaper, some of them running one of the Baron, too.

The dapper Belgian envoy and his wife have become the center of a very important and interesting circle in Washington, where everyone knows that his gay and devilish air, and that roving eye, are not really wicked but just roguish, pleased. His only professed relaxations are walking and a change of work.

At the Conference it has fallen to him to say a word here and there, not too many words and not too frequently; but always the Baron has a smile, is gracious, and offers an earnest message of good will. His general expression is an intention not to quarrel with anyone over anything, and if his international friends must dispute, then the good Baron will keep silent, and smile and rove a meaning eye until the combatants in words come to terms; then the Baron will link an arm with either and sally down Pennsylvania avenue past the White House.

He is one of the friendliest men in the world.



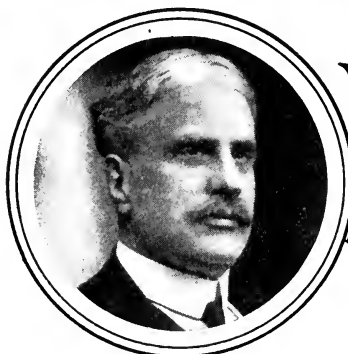
BRITISH EMPIRE



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR



LORD LEE OF FAREHAM



SIR ROBERT BORDEN



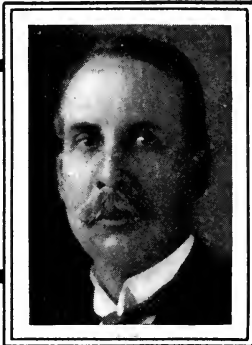
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SIR JOHN SALMOND



GEORGE FOSTER PEARCE

British Empire

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR is the ripe fruit of a half century of British public life. The world has traveled far since 1874, when he entered parliament. So has Balfour.

Everybody is attracted to Balfour; and many distrust him. People are attracted because he strives for that effect. He is distrusted because of something inherent in him.

Briand has the force, Hughes the poise, Sastri the significance, Tokugawa the romance of the Conference, but Balfour is the picturesque figure whose oddities satisfy the most ravenous appetite. He is perpetual with the British, and has been ever since he turned to politics and survived the aesthetic acclamations of Mrs. Asquith's "Souls." Again the reason is obvious; he is the embodiment of the British empire, the truest type of the British governing commoner that the most untiring and enthusiastic of walkers could find in a search of indefinite length.

When, at the British embassy in Washington, he places himself beneath a large and fine engraving of Queen Victoria at the time of her accession in 1837, Balfour seems to be the link, and perhaps the last important one, between the Empire days of Beaconsfield and the Empire days of Curzon and Lloyd George. The setting is perfect, and the extravagance of his personality emphasizes it.

His general expression is not unlike that of a melancholy Dane or a bloodhound; his drooping glasses supply the haws. His eyes are smallish, one slightly more open than the other, both magnified by the heavy lenses of his glasses. His head is long up and down, with a small crown, and a sharp slope down the back which is almost parallel with the line of his face. His throat sags, and he favors a low white collar with a flat black bow tie. His favorite article of dress is an extremely long and formless Prince Albert, which hangs dully down from his sloping shoulders to below the knees.

This particular coat is becoming historic in Washington; people wait around to see it. For the informal or press conference he adopts a sack jacket which does not, however, relieve him of being the most carelessly attired of all the delegates to the Conference. His manner of complacent amiability is achieved; it wears off under the pecking of an interview. He can turn his back easily enough on a distasteful questioner, and the next moment has a chubby smile for some more welcome remark. He can be superlatively nice to one man and make

this very action serve as next door to an insult to someone else. This is the Balfour manner.

His favorite gesture is a helpless casting forth of his hands, and a babyish cocking of his head, first on one side and then on the other, with a swinging motion, smiling roguishly the while with his chin drawn in as an expression of his utter inability to contend with whatever circumstances for the moment confront him. Thus, when the assiduous Lord Riddell signifies that the time for an interview is exhausted, Balfour stands there smiling childishly, rocking his head, and with his palms open toward you. "You see how helpless I am," his manner conveys, "but I assure you there is nothing up my sleeve."

There is no doubt Balfour courts the esteem of those around him. He values applause even when he seems to be oblivious to it, and there are times when his attitude of humility is so consciously affected as to be pride. When he wants to make a speech he slides his curved form forward until his head is over the table. Then gets on his feet in this crouching attitude, peers apologetically forth and finally straightens up his black-draped, lean and indifferently tailored frame.

His oratory is peculiar. In effect he gropes, hesitates, is apologetic; in cold type his speech appears perfect, polished and generally non-committal. He is, of course, bearing the heavy burden of responsibility, as chief of the British Empire delegation, as well as representing the Union of South Africa on the side, so to speak. He is so very much the whole delegation that even the public recognizes his theatrical position and respects the invisible barrier of untouchability which separates the picturesque Balfour from a deferential world.

He is a most graceful conversationalist, and if a particularly awkward question is put to him, has a habit of talking over his interviewer's head, or uttering some allusive phrase which takes a few moments to capture and analyze in which time the thread of the original discourse becomes lost.

Perhaps one of his most engaging traits is his supreme indifference to details of fact. For example, discussing the matter of land armaments the interviewer asked him something which brought up the question of population in the British Isles. Balfour hesitated, then smiled his roguish smile and confessed gaily that he really does not know what the population of his country is. And he said it with an air which somehow implied that this was to his credit. This again is the Balfour manner.

Of course he is a man whose path all his life has lain in pleasant places; he has had everything a government could give him that he wanted, and he has been careful to avoid their giving him anything he didn't want. It is necessary to cast back into history for the Balfour apprenticeship to statecraft to the days when he was private secretary to his maternal grandfather, the Marquis of Salisbury; to the days, 1878-1880, when he was traveling to Berlin on special missions for Lords Salisbury and Beaconsfield. Truly, he is a voice from a forgotten age.

Few personalities in British public life have so wide and varied a range of experience as this Balfour. The phenomenon it presents is that of a man constantly giving up public service, apparently abandoning political walks, only to step right back in again whenever he wants to do so and in practically any capacity he chooses. This has hap-

pened, not once, but many times. That is the basis for the phrase that Balfour is perpetual with the British.

When all else is said, the simple fact remains that he is one of the greatest living Britons of his day. The complete Briton. It is his profession, of his own choice. He practices it constantly. Not possessing the sound principles of Hughes, nor even such a simon-pure mentality, Balfour without any doubt is the most astute gentleman, where statecraft is concerned, gathered at this interesting conference table. In a way Balfour has been overlooked by the British public much as Balfour himself overlooked the British public; a case of mutual indifference. His command of position was due solely to his place in the aristocracy of government. The general indifference toward Balfour and the Balfourian contempt for all socially and intellectually below him seem about to be dissipated in what may prove the greatest work of the statesman's career and the first demanding and deserving the appreciative understanding of the public.

His high forehead bespeaks his intellect; his white hair, now stringy, his age. But age and intellect do not cancel each other. Rather they are the weapons of a man who makes few mistakes in politics, never a fatal one, none in the finesse of negotiation, but some in his contact with the people he presumably serves but seldom understands. His finesse in negotiation is seen easily in the course of an interview. He receives your question, ponders it, mouth slightly open, the bent forefinger of his right hand across his lips, head to one side, eyes focused directly on you with half closed lids. It is an attitude of thought, of consideration. The high forehead and whitened hair add emphasis to the pose. When he replies your expectancy has been so raised by the apparent intentness of his reflection that you have convinced yourself his answer is a good one before he has convinced you. That, too, is the Balfour manner.

Washington finds him a prodigal guest; it is a prodigality of soft words and easy smiles, of condescending courtesy and bashfully staged acts of grace. He wishes to make a good impression and, being Balfour, he can do it; for he has been doing it all his life.

LORD LEE OF FAREHAM.

BECAUSE he was an artillery officer, Lord Lee of Fareham was Britain's obvious choice for first lord of the admiralty. At that point the reader will be dissatisfied if there is no allusion to Sir Joseph Porter, as pictured by William Schwenk Gilbert. Sir Joseph, you remember, exhorts the crew and guests on the deck of "H. M. S. Pinafore" as follows:

"Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree;
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
Stick close to your desk and never go to sea,
And you may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee."

Lord Lee stuck to his desk, and stuck to Lloyd George's desk, and polished up his acquaintance with the premier "so carefulee" that now he is the ruler of the King's navee. And a very pretty job it is.

Arthur Hamilton Lee has had it lucky all his life. If luck has tar-

ried he hasn't hesitated to remind her, but on the whole she has favored him mightily. The son of a clergyman, he went to the fine school of Cheltenham and from there to the Military College of Woolwich, where, unlike many young men destined for a comfortable berth in the army, Arthur Lee worked hard. For that matter, he always works hard; but not too hard. He just stops short of working so hard that people will notice it and be disturbed.

Men in high office who work too hard are usually unpopular.

But then, he was lucky. Look at his field of experience since he entered the royal artillery 33 years ago. He served as adjutant of the Hong Kong volunteers; was five years in Canada as professor of strategy and tactics. He was British military attache with the United States Army during the Spanish-American War, and followed that with an amiable period in Washington, where he was military attache and wore a neat black mustache.

His rich American bride, Ruth Moore, of New York, helped him here considerably and the Lees became among the elect of the Roosevelt circles, which meant a very great deal.

The following year, 1900, he retired from the army and was elected to Parliament for the Fareham division of Hampshire, which constituency he has represented ever since. With 14 years' experience in the Commons he did not find it difficult, when war started in 1914, to get his services accepted, and was given a staff position with the rank of colonel, being detailed for special service with the British Expeditionary Forces.

Count all that as his preliminary experience, and throw in for good measure considerable travel over the Far East and the North American Continent, and you are ready to consider the present Lord Lee and his career.

In the course of his parliamentary life he came to know David Lloyd George pretty well. He was a staff officer; he is astute; he has a thick skin. When Mr. George inaugurated the ministry of munitions, Col. Arthur Lee became parliamentary secretary of that office. Then he was personal military secretary to Mr. George.

He had become one of Lloyd George's men and, like Lord Riddell, ascended rapidly in the grateful shade of that flowering genius. Mr. George made him director-general of food production, though he knew nothing of food beyond a restaurant menu. The premier made him minister of agriculture, though he had no practical experience at farming. Finally, in return for all these services to Mr. George and incidentally to the nation, the premier caused him to be created a Baron and made him first lord of the admiralty.

That is the simple story of Lord Lee of Fareham. He got on the George wagon early, at the tail end, stuck and, as others dropped or were thrown off, eased himself forward until now he sits not far from the driver.

He is an imperturbable man, but you can tell always where he stands. He is for Lloyd George and England, for disarmament and Lee of Fareham, and for a good game of golf and shooting in season. From afar he looks almost fragile; but, close, he is stocky, even heavy-featured; looks, too, as susceptible to penetration as a rhinoceros. Embarrassing questions are simply absorbed by him and sent to the bottom without leaving even a ripple to mark where they sank.

When he was minister of agriculture, members of Parliament would pepper him with questions and he, totally innocent of the subject, would repulse them without a quiver. That's the sort of man he is.

He keeps two sets of eye-glasses, one to see with and the other to be seen in. The latter are black-trimmed and drooping; in them he looks not unlike Joseph Chamberlain, if only Joseph Chamberlain had looked anything like Arthur Lee; which is to say that he reminds one, though I don't know why, of George Arliss. Behind these drooping glasses he seems a pensive figure, aristocratically inquiring, eyebrows arched. Then someone gives him a note or something to read; the eyebrows come down, the pensive glasses come off, and a good old fashioned set goes on, and Lord Lee of Fareham is even as other men, a little handsomer than the average, but undistinguished.

He has mastered the extremely difficult art of knowing his place, and making the most of that knowledge. Lee is George's man, but Balfour is Balfour, so Lee defers conspicuously to Balfour. In turn he is the least bit, just a shade, patronizing toward the colonial representatives, who, however, are not likely to be bothered by it.

With newspaper men he is the urbane man of the world, casually conversational, even club-like. He will shoot a quick glance and steady eye at his questioner, without moving anything except his head. He likes to be comfortable and informal, though he can be reticent and still remain affable.

Yet, in spite of his American marriage and his varied travels, Lord Lee was not what is understood as an international figure, until he took that very historic and interesting estate of Chequers, with its Elizabethan mansion and 1,500 acres, and bestowed it on the nation to be for all time the country residence for the prime minister. That put Lord Lee in the newspapers all over the world, and friends in Washington noticed at once from the published photographs that he had shaved off the neat black mustache.

He has done a peculiar lot of odd jobs, for besides the high offices already mentioned he served as minister of the board of agriculture and fisheries, and some 17 years ago was chairman of an inter-departmental committee on the humane slaughtering of animals.

Later he studied problems of aerial defense. But from none of these many tasks has there come anything of outstanding record by which he may be remembered.

When all is said and done, there are just two things for which Lord Lee will be recalled, perhaps. One is the gift of Chequers, and the other that he signed the first disarmament proposal the Powers of the world have formulated.

Doubtless he was inspired at the time, but certainly he was one of the first in Britain to acknowledge the hint thrown out by President Harding in his inaugural address. Promptly he said:

"If an invitation comes from Washington, I am prepared to put aside all other business in order to take part in a business than which there is nothing more pressing in the affairs of this world."

So having invited himself that way, there was nothing for the President to do but to go ahead and arrange the party.

As a result here is Lord Lee of Fareham, drooping glasses and all, and here is what Lord Lee of Fareham says, in a rumbling sort of a monologue:

"What we want is the plain horse sense characteristic of both Great Britain and the United States. From my long knowledge of America I have a profound belief in the business of talking and appealing to the square deal. I hold strongly that we are not engaged in a game of bluff, but that we ought to lay all our cards on the table."

Unofficial, of course. But fine words. Safe words.

Lord Lee of Fareham doesn't make many mistakes. That's why he's here.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES.

"**W**E stand at Arma-Geddes and we battle for Lloyd George"—to this popular and pregnant chorus the team of Geddes, Geddes and Geddes lock-stepped on to the British political stage and have been doing their several turns ever since.

They were three: Eric and Auckland, the boys, and a sister, Mrs. Chalmers Watson, who became commandant of the Woman's Royal Air force. All three appeared from obscurity and became famous, until it was a byword in England that the war had been finished almost before it was begun but for lack of sufficient Geddeses to fill all the responsible positions.

The career of Auckland, the knighted (and benighted, as London Truth styled him), is one of the most remarkable in an age of astounding rises of fortune—surgeon, professor, private soldier, brigadier-general, member of Parliament, cabinet minister, ambassador; where can you find a parallel for this conglomeration of tastes, duties and opportunities in a man barely at his forties?

He stands 6 feet 2½ inches tall, with herculean shoulders, a big-boned, raw-faced giant. He looks like a great overgrown foot ball player, which is exactly what he is. His wide slit of a prankish mouth, like a cut in a boot, betokens his rich sense of humor and he is easily the most humorous man at the Armament Conference.

At times the very devil lurks in his eyes, which narrow speculatively as he sits at the Conference table, and his mouth shoots faintly upward with mischief, and you feel that in just a minute he designs to dislodge the table leg with his toe, so that Messrs. Lee, Balfour, Lodge, Root and Underwood will all go down biff on their respective and respectable noses; and all for the jest of it. What a scene that would be! Contemplate, for one moment, this rhapsody! But he dissa—that is to say, he doesn't do it. Yet I believe him capable of it.

The family is noted for its mental capacity. The father was a distinguished engineer whose work took him to all parts of the world. The fame of Eric as a railroad executive is well known. Auckland has a lofty brow, which grows even more lofty as his hair creeps backward. He is a Scot by descent and was born in London. His boyish fancy was attracted by the study of embryology, and while a little lad he often amused the companions of the playtime hour by his entertaining and timely dissertations on biological research.

At Edinburgh University he played on the Rugby team, which is the nearest approach in Britain to American foot ball. Also he was a powerful swimmer, and a stretchy walker. He looks all of that now.

He is a man one would not wish to box with, for, remember, he is a professor of anatomy and probably knows where to hit.

His long, lean face with its large, brilliant eyes fairly hypnotizes the interviewer; he has the sunniest manner of dealing with his visitors; he grins and grins in the most companionable way, but while he has two fine, slender and shapely hands, his hand clasp is perhaps the most indifferent in all Washington diplomacy.

He has never wanted to be a family physician. He was a "laboratory" man. The ambition of his life was to discover some new secret of medicine, to contribute his name and fame to the profession he adores. He rattled off to the Boer War and did a bit of fighting in the Highland Light Infantry, and that experience started him on a spare time study of military strategy.

McGill University took him as professor of anatomy, where he acquired the pedagogic manner, the manner of emphasizing elemental truths, which so exasperated the members of Parliament in a later day. When August, 1914, arrived, he was about to start on a vacation into Northern Canada, but understanding there was going to be a war, he cabled an offer of his services to London, enlisted as a private, received a commission, fell off his horse and was made deputy assistant adjutant-general in France.

In this breathless fashion Auckland Geddes arrived.

Lord Derby heard of him. Lord Derby is a descendant of that Earl of Derby whom some suspect of being Shakespeare. Lord Derby himself may read Shakespeare, but not much. He doesn't speak French, so they made him ambassador in Paris, but that was later on. At this time, dear, bluff, stupid gentleman, he was at the war office.

Geddes, anatomical expert, with a perfect talent for organization, a tireless physique and a passion for unending labor, hypnotized the good Earl of Derby, who probably never went beyond decimal fractions himself, and Geddes got the credit, rightly or wrongly, of being the real headpiece under the war office Derby.

But the head outgrew the hat, the recruiting work was transferred from military to civilian control, and the high sloping dome of Auckland Geddes appeared as the glistening head and front of man-supply as minister of national service.

Now this was as chaotic a job as a professor of anatomy ever undertook. It represented the minute dissection and analysis of the entire population of the United Kingdom. He had the task of selection, of advancing or retarding the flow of men into this industry or that, and also to the front.

Every one admits that Geddes did a whale of a job in a highly efficient manner. He missed not a bone.

Meanwhile they were laying for him in the Commons. Every cabinet minister has to be a member of Parliament. When Geddes was given his portfolio, they found a constituency for him and he had the unusual experience of entering as a Front Bench member the House of Commons, which, as a most exclusive club with its own traditions, looked Auckland Geddes over very carefully. There is a great deal of him to look over and it took some time. He annoyed them, some say, by his cool command of his subject; others say by his lack of manners. Probably it was the pedagogic manner, and it is true that he had a way of setting people back—respectable people, you understand—members of many

years' standing who were not accustomed to being set back or set down or set up for that matter.

The charge was made that Geddes in his zeal overstepped his legal authority, went beyond the conditions with reference to age limits in his classification. (Incidentally he got the men.) But, anyway, Sir Donald MacLean, a competent old Parliamentary warrior, tackled him low and brought him down right in front of his own one yard line. He answered Sir Donald superior like and Sir Donald got the ball over amid the cheering throngs before the unhappy Sir Auckland realized that the play had been started.

For many a man that would have been the end. But Auckland Geddes merely dusted off his pants and walked over to the ministry of reconstruction, where he had another sizable job on his hands. From there he strolled to the Board of Trade, where his work literally affected every household in the land, and finally, denounced unanimously as possessing one of the four greatest brains in the service of England, he was sent to Britain's chief diplomatic post, an office considered second only to that of prime minister, in whose stead he serves at the Conference.

For such a physical bulk he is a strangely reposeful man. His profile is splendid and he attracts conversation. It is hard not to talk freely to him, and he listens well. His mental suppleness is extraordinary and he carries the habit of professional dissection into almost every question put to him.

There have been many bitter things written about Auckland Geddes. The London Post, the Tory paper, wrote of him: "Sir Auckland Geddes knows everything about human anatomy and nothing at all about human nature," with just enough truth in it to make it sting.

"Nobody," said the London World, "from a mere study of his features, will ever be able to say how old he is." That is quite true.

Then Frank Harris takes a whack at him by quoting for him: "It's better to be born lucky than wise."

How much better to be born both lucky and wise. And best of all to retain that boyish ungainliness of form and feature, that clown-like grin and affable deviltry of gladness. People like Geddes, and no wonder. He is a new thing in ambassadors. He has brains and lets you know it; yet there is something about him that constantly reminds you of the big-boned youth who used to write and howl, for the edification of his fellow collegians, rollicking songs of a sentimental or humorous nature, at request.

One speculates—of course it is impossible—but one merely wonders, no harm in wondering,—at nights, when the embassy is closed and the shutters are tight, and Mr. Balfour has gone to bed farther up the street, does Sir Auckland wrestle with his footman, or have a bellowing song-fest all to himself, up in the attic, or play tricks on the cook?

I wouldn't be surprised.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN.

FROM the country of "Evangeline" comes Sir Robert Laird Borden, Adonis of the Conference. Look carefully at that fine head, the abundant iron-gray hair, wavy and well-ordered, the bushy eyebrows and eloquent gray eyes, the rich, sensitive mouth and firm chin, the

long nose and snugly-placed ears, and add to these the immaculate dress of a careful man who builds his attire on a broad and sturdy frame.

He is a tight-lipped man, cautious and sure; a man to bank on—or with. A straight-looking, straight-dealing, watchful type, who pricks the bubble of eloquence with the necessary devastating fact. Canada is well served.

Borden was born in Grand Pre, near whose Acadian willows is the famous "Evangeline" well, the church and burial ground. He has American pre-Revolutionary blood in his veins, for he is descended from Samuel Borden, an American surveyor who removed to Falmouth, N. S., in 1760. In Nova Scotia also he received his education, at Acadia Villa Academy, and later at Queen's University and St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, receiving the LL. D.

He must have been a mere youth when he drifted down from Grand Pre to Matawan, N. J., to teach mathematics in the Glenwood Institute, for he was only 19 when he decided to return to Canada and follow the study of law. For 23 years after that, 18 after he was graduated in law, he kept himself aloof from politics in the most political country in the world. He was 42 years old when he associated himself, a successful lawyer, with Sir Charles Tupper, then premier of the Dominion. He entered Parliament as a Conservative from Halifax. Fifteen years later he succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as premier of the Dominion.

He represented an entirely new type in leadership to the Canadian people, accustomed to the flaming picturesqueness of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfred Laurier. Borden's personality is penetrating and not diffusive; it affects you severely, coldly, and neither attracts nor repels, merely broods as a fixed and potential quality, difficult to determine.

He does not win crowds easily, for he lacks that charm of spontaneity which is the key to the vacillating heart of the masses. But he wins and retains a substantial respect which becomes, with time, unshakeable. Even those who do not know Borden well, believe him to be, in the most patriotic Canadian sense of the word, a "safe" man for Canada.

He is not inspired nor does he cause inspiration in others. He is too repressed for that, too severely practical; his leadership was one of strength of character, linked to unquestioned integrity and a talent for handling men and issues by other means than psychological eloquence.

It is curious and significant that he gained the premiership in 1911 chiefly for his opposition to the passage of a trade reciprocity treaty with the United States. The Liberals, under Mackenzie King, have just won their impressive victory in the Canadian elections at the expense of Borden's successor, Arthur Meighen, who was for a high tariff.

Most unsensational of men, Borden took issues, many of which might have proved spectacular battlefields for a Roosevelt, and made them dull, taciturn tugs-of-war in which always his grim weight was sufficient to bring him victory.

Almost forgotten is that desperate struggle a decade ago over the control of education. It was at the time provincial constitutions were granted the western territories, and Borden advocated a common national school system as against local provincial control. This always has been

a bitter question in Canada, and the premier challenged the disfavor of the French-Canadians.

There was always that much to say for Borden: he knew where he stood on every public question and was willing every one else should know. His attitude was blunt and sufficient; often, thought his opponents, offensively so. His strength was too conscious, he was so completely assured of his course and, slow to make up his mind, was like Wilson, fixed to the point of stubbornness once it was made up.

Early in his political career he decided in favor of public ownership of railways, telegraphs and telephones, and his attitude on this subject never changed.

As a war premier he was, from the British standpoint, ideal, even unexpectedly so. He had been most distinctly a peace premier, a man of practical aims directed to the constructive future of Canada; his lack of enveloping personality argued against the inspiration considered necessary to leadership in a great war.

He is a lover of books, a man courteous, but scarcely affable; not easy to approach familiarly; not a warming and heartening man. But he had the one vital quality, the same Kitchener took as his watch-word—thorough. Borden is thorough, and with thoroughness he dealt out his war duty as it came to him.

It is not too long ago to recall his failure to form a coalition government, his quiet but determined offer to resign, and the agitated rally of his supporters who refused to accept the resignation. Then he formed his coalition. Nor is it forgotten with what dour tenacity he forced through the bill for compulsory service.

The striking thing about his career is that, with all this strong course of policy he made few, remarkably few, personal enemies. His friends, in the ultimate sense, may be few; but so are his personal foes. This is due not to the failure to leave an impress, but because consciously he made that impress an impersonal one. He never descends to personalities, even in his most powerful attacks on a party or a principle or an argument. There has been always a tacit acceptance of his rugged honesty and loyal devotion to the Dominion.

The Conference gives him small opportunity for that form of debate in which he excels, the confusion of his enemy by the exercise of an infallible memory, but he does represent in the international councils here, as he did at Versailles, a certain practical horse-sense point of view which reflects the basic attitude of Canada itself toward present issues.

He is never stampeded by eloquence, and even Viviani leaves him cold, though admiring. Nothing yet that has happened has caused him to relax a muscle. Rarely anything moves about him at all, except his handsome eyes. He is a man of blunt facts and unsmiling counsels, and seems to fix his attention undeviatingly on possible results.

With Hughes and Albertini he forms a little band of redoubtable materialists who believe in dreams that come true.

GEORGE FOSTER PEARCE.

THIS is the man everyone knows. He sits next to you on the street car in Detroit, Chicago, New York and San Francisco. He shows you the direction of the glove counter. He estimates for you the cost of adding a sun parlor to the house. He weighs and carefully wraps your two pounds of steak. He is the average man. And his name is Senator George Foster Pearce of Australia.

Having viewed this Pearce from four sides and on numerous occasions, having stared at him from a few feet away, from the length of a room and from the distance of a Conference chamber; having viewed him bird-like from aloft and worm-like from below, this interviewer feels it just to remark that he has been wholly unable to find a single eccentricity about the man, except the eccentricity of not having anything eccentric about him. His legs are straight, but not noble; his clothes neat, but not gaudy; his face mild, but not conspicuous; his speech an Australian English, which is English minus superlatives. He talks in a moderate conversational tone, just as you or I may do. He is vox populi, old subscriber, pro bono publico, everyman, the man in the street, constant reader. He is, why, bless his senatorial and Australian heart, he is commonplace. You can love a man like this.

You will observe from these details that this man Pearce has not a single accepted requisite for classification as a statesman. He is 100 per cent average human being, without a kink in conduct or appearance, not a single oddity to recommend him, not an egg stain on his careless vest nor an artistic abandon of hair, mustache or beard to signal to the world his pre-occupation with great affairs. How, then, does this man come to sit at a Conference table with a Balfour, a Briand, a Lodge—think of it, a Cabot Lodge—a Hughes, a Schanzer, a Tokugawa? How does he do it?

Well, he's a carpenter, a carpenter and joiner—but not a joiner in the modern, American sense, so far as I know. But he's a carpenter. And carpenters the world over are the ultimate in democrats, as stolidly unconcerned in the home of the duke as in that of the cottager. And Pearce is a very good carpenter; he constructed a platform in West Australia that still stands stout and true. On it he organized Labor and on it Labor still stands. An excellent platform made by a first-class carpenter (and joiner).

He does not admit any biography. He simply does not understand any reference to his career. Yes, he was born in South Australia, 51 years ago. What of it? Yes, he was educated in the public school of Redhill. No, Redhill is not much of a place compared with Washington, but there was nothing the matter with it as far as he was concerned.

Yes, he became a carpenter and joiner because he wanted to and because it seemed to offer a sound, honest living; and he began organizing trades unions and political associations so that it would offer a sounder and still honest living.

Yes, he heard about the gold strike at Coolgardie, and joined the rush. How did he get there? Well, he walked. How far? Well, 400 miles from Perth. Yes, it was a long walk. No, he didn't find any gold. Yes, he came back to the coast and continued his labor activity.

To put into the mouth of Mr. Pearce the words he is reluctant to utter, he became head of various labor organizations and in 1899, four years after his return from the gold fields, was elected president of the Trade Union Congress. His first public office was as labor councillor for Subiaco municipality. Simultaneously he was chosen a member of the executive of the Federal League of West Australia. By this time he was acknowledged one of the sanest leaders of the Labor movement in Australia, and it was fitting that he contest the legislative

council. He had seen, remember, the inception in the Commonwealth of that movement which is to make Australia the first labor country in the world and the most interesting political experiment of the age. He represents the conception, birth and maturity of that movement.

So, when the Senate was instituted it was logical to find him elected to a seat for the first session, as a Labor candidate. He was re-elected in 1906, 1913 and 1919. In 1907 he became chairman of committees of the Commonwealth Senate, the importance of which post will be apparent to all Americans. For years he has been a member of the executive of the Parliamentary Labor Party, and in 1911 he got his first taste of high affairs as a member of the imperial conference. Since that day he has been a conspicuous figure in Australia's relation with the British empire and with the world.

He superintended the demobilization of the Australian troops, in 1919, and devised one of the most effective schemes for rehabilitation practiced in any country; and he represented Australia at the signing of the treaty of St. Germain with Austria. After the premier, William Morris Hughes, this carpenter and joiner, this gold seeker who walks 400 miles and does not find anything, is Australia's foremost statesman.

In appearance he is of medium height, with a mild and humorous eye. He talks casually and without self-consciousness, using the right side of his mouth just a little more than the left, which gives him a faintly perceptible lop-sided look. His mustache is neither clipped short nor is it long; it is an ordinary mustache. His head is well-shaped, and he is what one calls a long-headed man. His chin seems to be slightly receding until he looks squarely at you, which he always does either to listen to or answer your question, when you observe that it is small but firm. He wears conventional pepper and salt pants, with a black coat and a vest edged modestly with white. His collar is of the wing type and low, as befits a man with a reasonably prominent Adam's apple; his tie, a four-in-hand, gray with black stripes.

He is a little hard of hearing, and welcomes an opportunity to smile, the smile lighting up his whole face. It is a dry smile, a whimsical smile, the smile of a man who knows life and is tolerant of it. He is ready to laugh with you, and unlike some other delegates, he is never laughing at you. He has no reserved air of state-craft. He is unaffected by contact with Mr. Balfour and a full faced view at every session of Mr. Lodge. His conversation lacks subtlety, and he inclines heavily to horse sense, which, as you know, is most undiplomatic. His manner is a blend of diffidence and quiet assurance. He is, in fact, a carpenter (and joiner) who was educated at the little school in Red-hill, South Australia, which was not much of a place.

And to crown the story of this perfect average man, he bowls. He places bowling first, but he likes also a game of billiards. And beyond that he would sooner walk than ride as becomes a man who once walked 400 miles and found nothing.

It is impossible to write anything much about this man. He is so commonplace. It's a great pity.

SIR JOHN SALMOND.

SIR JOHN WILLIAM SALMOND is a fatherly little man, with a reddish face, who likes to stroke his beard, and is one of the world's foremost authorities on torts.

ITALY AND CHINA



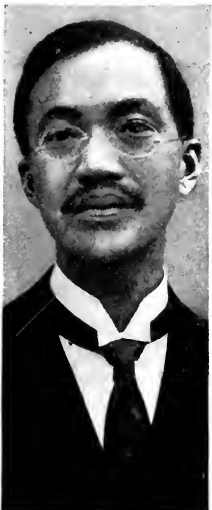
CARLO SCHANZER
(ITALY)



LUIGI ALBERTINI
(ITALY)



VITTORIO ROLANDI-RICCI
(ITALY)



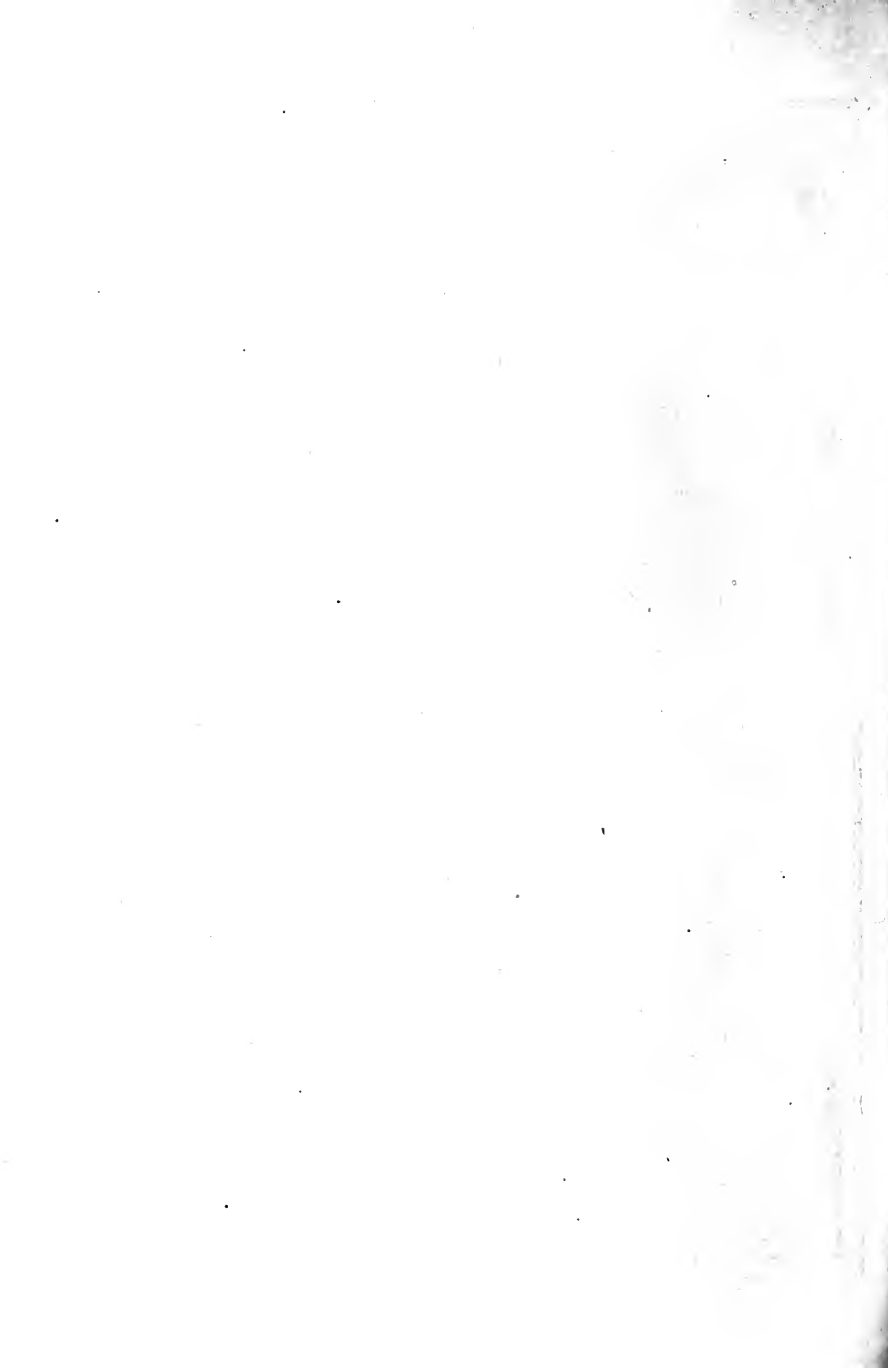
WANG CHUNG-HUI
(CHINA)



SAO-KE ALFRED SZE
(CHINA)



V. K. WELLINGTON KOO
(CHINA)



New Zealand's representative is somewhat easy to overlook, because there is nothing at all spectacular about him, except his silence. He prefers to walk down to the Pan-American Building while the other delegates usually arrive in the stately pomp of official limousines. In his insignificant way he walks quietly past the policeman, who eyes him sharply, and the small daily gathering of the public does not even give him that much consideration.

Yet you can tell, if you regard him attentively, that he is a statesman, for none else would wear a silk hat so nobly and so persistently. Sir John never is seen in public in any other headgear, and in his neat black overcoat is quite as respectable in appearance as any member of the Conference.

He is what is sometimes styled an effective man. Publicly he is a vacuum; officially he is steady, four-cylindere, all firing, pneumatic-shod—the sort of man you don't notice, so to speak, until he is absent, in the same way you never notice your tire until it goes flat.

In his benign, fatherly way he gives an air of comforting assurance to the outward aspect of the Conference. He is a personality defying suspicion; you feel morally certain that Sir John has known what it is to stop by and get butter by the half pound or carry home a bag of oranges, with a slit in the bottom of the sack, of course.

Such a man, you feel, would be party to no secrets, but would put in a homely word for the boys and girls outside the Conference, and whom the delegates generally are inclined to forget. He would make an ideal Santa Claus.

Only a day or so ago Mr. Root presented a couple of principles on submarines. He explained at length the connection between the first and second principles. Mr. Balfour unkinked his back and said what a nice man Mr. Root was, and how he hoped France was not going to be unclubby, and that if nice Mr. Root would put in three commas and cross the "T's" the British delegation was with him.

Then M. Sarraut said how much he appreciated everything that had been said and if only the verbiage could be made a bit more ambiguous he was for it, perhaps—providing the home government approved it and he wasn't asked to promise anything.

Earnest Senator Schanzer asked why all this protestation; he thought every one was for disarmament, anyway.

Then up got bluff old Sir John, and stroked his beard straight at Elihu Root, interrupting the mutual congratulations to ask why Mr. Root had found it necessary to explain his principles; why the principles were not self-explanatory, so that a simple man anywhere could read and understand exactly what they stood for.

Senator Lodge then piped up and expressed the conviction that Mr. Root is one of the greatest living international lawyers, but Sir John merely stroked his beard and stared hard.

The point is that this New Zealander thinks much as you and your neighbor think; he fears and distrusts the intricacies of language and would like clear, positive statements of intention one way or another. He craves a plan of some sort, understandable of the common people.

Now Sir John is a self-made man and while he has not succeeded in making himself very tall, he has managed to make himself slightly stout and also he has made himself one of the very foremost authorities on jurisprudence in the antipodes. He is 58 years old and was born in

North Shields, England. He emigrated for New Zealand as a boy, with nothing to help him except energy and ambition—as many another youth. There he decided on his future career and, with a patience not all may emulate, returned to England to obtain the necessary preparation.

He worked his way through the University of London, a vastly more difficult undertaking on that side of the water than on this; won high distinction in his class work and took his law degree.

With this equipment he returned to New Zealand and began the twin occupations of law practice and writing, in both of which he has won renown. Perhaps an American may be prejudiced, but of all the distinguished personalities around the Conference table these men who have risen from obscurity—Salmond, Pearce, Albertini, and particularly the first two—strike the warmer note of sympathy and recognition. There is something akin to American experience in their self-wrought careers.

The emigrant boy who determined to make himself a lawyer has written text books which are used as authorities in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. He himself considers his highest honor to be the famous Ames Medal, awarded him by Harvard. He confesses to the pride and gratification it gives him above all things else.

Only once has he been tempted away from New Zealand and that was for a period of eight years during which he was professor of law at Adelaide University, Australia. New Zealand invited him home in 1906 to become parliamentary draftsman to the government, later to be solicitor-general. During the war Sir John steered New Zealand through her numerous legal problems of war contracts and food supplies. In 1920 he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court.

A good record, it will be admitted, without an unworthy line in it; without a perceptible blemish; the story of a hard-working man whose talent, through industry, has become ten. He is a man of logical thought, as his conversation soon betrays; of scholarly attainments; of quiet force—all overlaid with that fatherly geniality to which reference already has been made.

Not a blemish? Well, he plays bridge; in fact, he likes it next best to his work. But, not to leave him on a note of criticism, he enjoys a good cigar, and can converse over it. Now, you know at once the sort of man he is, a leisurely smoker, a man of some idle thoughts to dilute the magnificence of the Supreme Bench, of unpretentious dallying with a comfortable chair, a man who betrays the extremest agitation by a mild stroking of his beard, much as Lawrence D'Orsay in a certain characterization used to convey a tumult of emotion by releasing his monocle.

There are millions of men who look and act like Sir John Salmond. Sir John Salmond, for his part, seems earnestly desirous to look and act in behalf of millions of his fellow men.

Look how he went after Root, and right when Balfour, the British spokesman, had paid such handsome compliments to the American delegate.

But Balfour was speaking for the Old World; Salmond for the New.

SRINIVASA SASTRI

SSRINIVASA SASTRI, the anomaly of the Conference, is a symbol of a superb and flawless faith.

It were easy to find a jesting word, a lighter phrase, for the somber, clerical, tight-buttoned garb, the square bronze face, the white silk turban; a figure so detached, so silently removed from the spirit of the West's diplomatic intercourse. But the jest would limp because of that which Sastri is, has made of himself, expresses in those marvelous eyes, and exemplifies in an unswerving, life.

Beneath that drab attire is a frame lean with self-denial; beneath the white silk turban is fast-greying hair, grey with a life of service to a single cause—India.

Among men whose faith in the supreme verities may be faint, or tinged with a practical cynicism, or outworn by impact with the recurring compromise of public life, Sastri, with an eloquent singleness of mind, shines like some rare jewel in a setting the least bit corroded and discolored by the baser elements.

Sastri is a Brahmin. This is really the complete answer to all who ask concerning him. It answers also those who said: "Sastri, of course, is one of those Indian nabobs; well-fixed, and supported by Great Britain; he no more represents the Indian population than I do. He has even less title to be here at all."

Utterly wrong. Sastri is a Brahmin. He is not and never was a "nabob." He is not, and never has been well-fixed. He represents the Indian population because he rose from poverty among it and has consecrated his life to serving his fellowmen. He is, in fact, a Brahmin.

The Brahmins were the first, or sacerdotal class of India's four castes. From the exclusive priesthood the Brahmins became the caretakers of education and today they have become solely the learned class, the intellectuals of India, linked to an almost fanatical religious ceremonial.

The Brahmin eats neither meat nor fish, never harms a living thing, refuses to keep pets, considers a dog unclean, and never rides a horse. Only within the last half-century has it been permitted a Brahmin to travel by train; always their trips were made on foot.

But of all their sacred customs the highest is that their children shall be educated.

This is not always easy. It was not easy in Sastri's case; his family was very poor. He had to seek government scholarship. He had to find work also, for there was a brother whose support he had to take over. He never played. It was not until far later in life that Sastri was able to learn tennis. His sports were natural athletics of a healthy youth, the feats a muscular boy will do, to test and develop his ability, skill and energy. But all this had its place in the development of Sastri, for today he rejects the caste theory, repudiates the creed of "untouchability" and has an enduring humanity which embraces all India.

Something must be granted his own genius, for he is a man of remarkable intellect. He graduated from the high school, and from the college at Cumbaconum, won a position as teacher in the Hindu High School and ultimately became its head master.

Up to that point his life had been the normal one of an intelligent and persevering Brahmin. In 1906 he made the decision which has directed his life thence forward. He took the vows of the Servants of India Society, and since has become its leading spirit. The vows include a dedication of life to unselfish work for the cause of uplifting India, a pledge to give up any connection with trade or profitable pur-

suits, to live on a small allowance granted by the society, and to devote every energy exclusively to advancing civilization in India.

The work of the Servants of India Society is divided into two fields. One may be described as welfare work, dealing with educational, health and religious activities among the lower castes; the other is official work under the government, usually attained by entering at the bottom of the official ladder.

Sastri chose the latter and in eight years had gone to the head of the society and proved himself such a natural leader that the government of India selected him as a matter of course to be a native member of the viceroy's legislative council, having served an apprenticeship already in the Madras legislative council.

The British government of India, looking around for a few native Indians able to co-operate in framing and furthering the movement toward a certain degree of self-rule, chose Sastri, as he frequently has been indicated as the exact type to whom the British government thinks India must look for its ultimate liberty. Sastri won a reputation for himself even in this high body, which so generally is obscured by the larger authority of the Viceroy and the India office in London.

His sound criticism and constructive effort won him both the respect of the British and the confidence of the natives.

He has worked tirelessly for the advancement of Indian liberty along constitutional lines. He was a powerful member of the franchise committee and contributed all his influence and energy to helping establish an Indian electorate.

When the Montagu-Chelmsford plan was initiated in India recently, Sastri became a member of the council of state, which is India's upper house in the legislature. Finally he received the distinction of being appointed a member of the King's privy council.

He lost a 16-year-old daughter during the Conference and the news of her death cast a shadow over the Indian delegate.

He has a face only to be described as eloquent, his personality simply reaches out and envelops you, partly through the magnetism of his eyes, but partly, too, by the expression of supreme sincerity which is stamped on his countenance.

India, for him, is divided between the "colored" and the "colorless," he does not call the British "whites," denying that they are white as a linen collar, for example, is white. They are the colorless. His work, the work of his whole splendid life, is for the "colored" of India, the poor lethargic "untouchable" caste, for whom he turned from the memory of Brahmin priesthood to give them service.

He sees their misery and knows their ignorance; but he and others with him, are laying the foundation for a better day; by an ascetic life, by a selfless conception of his sublime single purpose, Srinivasa Sastri has won his honorable gray hairs in a faith which knows and admits no doubt; the faith that India may be regenerated if only Indians themselves take up the task.

He is a sturdy, noiseless man; a man whose eye seems always to rest significantly on the object of his gaze. He was a working boy, the son of a home of poverty; worldly goods he never has sought; he sits at the council table with kings, and viceroys and premiers. He is no prince. Yet I have seen the Balfours step quickly back, with a respectful gesture, to let him pass. Such is the power of a great faith.

China

SAO-KE ALFRED SZE.

ONE glance at Alfred Sze is sufficient to convince you he is a most obliging sort of a man. During the World War he was Chinese minister to London and was so thoroughly obliging, so benignantly neutral and so whole-heartedly Allied, that the press paid him columns of delighted compliments, and the government dropped a shell on the legation.

But this last was, of course, an accident.

Not that he would be distressed. He would say, probably, that it was a very nice shell, one of the latest and most expensive things in explosives; he was honored; China was honored. It was intended, the shell, for a German Zeppelin, but landed on the benevolent Chinese legation. Such is war, which rains shells alike on the just and on the unjust.

Sze (with the accent on the middle syllable) was one of those young roosters who got themselves inoculated with the education bug, while at St. John's College, Shanghai. Wellington Koo was one; Dr. W. W. Yen, former minister to Germany, another. Sze, being a man of superlative mental capacity, unimpeachable character and the highest idealism, sought and was granted the high privilege of some instruction in journalism, editing, during his last year, the St. John's Echo, the student weekly.

The following autumn, 1893, he reached the United States and was enrolled at Central High School, Washington, where for three years he prepared himself for college.

Cornell graduated him in the liberal arts in 1901; for one year he edited the Cornellian, and it seemed as if perhaps he would be consecrated to the press. But so rigid is the selection, so exacting the attainments for that exalted calling that Sze reluctantly fell back and was forced to content himself with some lesser occupation. He chose statecraft.

He never alludes to this crushing, embittering disappointment of his younger days. Time has softened his chagrin, and his modesty helps him to forget.

Again looking at the countenance of Dr. Alfred Sze, you can tell at once what his career has been; he is exactly the type who proves so useful in doing other men's work. He never quite achieves independence, even though he comes to high office. He never quite conquers his self-consciousness, never is able completely to assert himself, without an implied apology. Earnest, sincere, patriotic, he will dare greatly, but with his nerves painfully a-flutter. The greater honor, of course, to his courage.

Sze, who was born in Chengtse, Kiangsu Province, is now in his forty-fifth year. His career has been one of important and distinguished service. It is no detraction to intimate that it costs him much

to do all he does. He is innately nervous and self-conscious, and he defies both these traitor companions of his public moments by a splendid determination to do his full duty, and a little more.

His return to China, fresh from his educational renaissance in the West, was in October, 1902, when he was appointed secretary to the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung.

He succeeded to the same office under the Viceroy Tuan Fang.

There are some men who seem to be born to be great men's great men, and who elevate the occupation of secretary to a profession of dignity and influence. Such was Sze. Peking claimed him in 1906, to serve as acting junior secretary of the ministry of communication, an appointment which was to determine an important phase of his career. Within a year he was director of the Peking-Hankow Railway, and in another 12 months he had become director of the Northern Railways, a position of high importance. He resigned this post to become customs taotai at Harbin.

This important connection gave Sze an insight into popular conditions which has been the basis of all his subsequent career. When, in 1910, he was appointed senior counselor of the ministry of foreign affairs, he came less as a brilliant western scholar who might bring overseas acquaintanceship close to the department of foreign affairs than as a highly intelligent Chinese with a good perspective, from the Chinese viewpoint, of those foreign problems. It is important to remember this. He was rapidly advanced to be vice-minister of foreign affairs.

It goes for the saying that the Revolution found him on the side of progress. He became New China's first minister of communications, bringing to his office all that valuable experience he had collected years before, and applying it with that genuine interest in the welfare of his people which had become the dominant note of his life.

But his work was to be out in the Western World. He resigned the ministry to become chief master of ceremonies in the president's office, which seemed at first a relapse into the old semi-secretarial existence. But he recovered smartly and was minister to London during the war, one of China's five delegates to Paris, is now minister to the United States and a delegate of the Peking regime to this Conference.

It is a pleasant post for Dr. Sze. Contemplate, for a minute, the Chinese boy coming over here to attend high school. He lived at the legation, it is true. But a high school is a high school for all that.

Alfred threw himself with enthusiasm into the school activities; joined the cadet corps; became, most remarkably, a sergeant and left behind him scores of boyhood friends who now are, many of them, business and professional men in the capital.

His English is a joy to listen to; his thoughts flow readily and he has the blessed gift of imagination. In Paris his speeches were notable; here he commands no less instant and sympathetic attention; even when his hands tremble and his legs quiver against the table before him, out of sheer nervousness, his speech rolls on—simple, effective, eloquent. Get him by himself and he is a most charming conversationalist, whose favorite non-political topic is curios, of which he is a connoisseur. Little wonder that socially, as well as diplomatically, Dr. Alfred Sze is among the most popular in Washington.

But the really remarkable thing about Sze is that of all the Chinese who have been educated in the West and have put on frock coats, he alone remains convincingly Chinese. He is not such an obviously brilliant man as Koo, for example; but he is far more Chinese than that glittering diplomat. Sze understands more truly the living conditions in China, the sentiments and emotions of the 400,000,000 than any other Chinese, Koo included, whose voice may be heard by the Powers.

The slight mustache looks feeble; the droop to the mouth on the right side betrays his nervousness. But his strong chin and his long mouth, full of character, tell the real story of Sze.

Koo left China and, spiritually, never returned.

Sze, despite his Western environment, never has left it. In the opinion of the writer it is his earnest plea that he never shall.

V. K. WELLINGTON KOO.

OF course, to marry the daughter of a prime minister is something. To be private secretary of a president of China is something, also. But to be a Chinese and, on the threshold of a momentous era in your nation's history, to be thrown sharply into Occidental civilization and receive its culture in the impressionable years of boyhood is something more important still.

Wellington Koo, minister of the Peking government to London and delegate of the Hsu regime to the Armament Conference, has all these advantages. Wellington Koo is a shining personality; his thick, well-brushed hair shines; his smooth, intelligent face shines; his clear, logical conversation shines. He is the visible Halo of the Chinese Cause.

You must get his background clearly in mind. The 400,000,000, shut off from the world which had only begun to nibble at its ports; a land of superstitions and strange worship, inlaid with a rich and long-lived philosophy; a land, if you wish, of paganism, of dark ignorance from the western viewpoint, of sluggish massive hordes, a great, groveling mass of unenlightenment—Koo was born of these. His parents were the average Chinese parents; his home the average Chinese home. He was born to the traditions, superstitions and limitations of his race, an Oriental of Orientals. One of the four hundred millions; that is his background.

He had the good luck to be born in Shanghai, where among other and less healthful outposts of encroaching western civilization, were missionaries. A missionary attracted the son of Zing-chuan and Fu-an Tsiang Koo, and he stepped through that mysterious gateway between the East and the West, a boy of China, startled and curious, but ready to adventure himself along those novel paths and see whereto they might lead him.

Wellington Koo never has turned back; never recrossed the threshold; stands in the new world and beckons, exhorts, encourages. He may return, even, his body to the suburb of Shanghai or the courts of Peking; but his spirit is of the West, where sits that goddess, Democracy, and he summons ever the China of his boyhood to follow him to her feet.

This is Young China; emerged from the four hundred million, from the shapeless, passive hordes, from the darkened Chinese homes; it scales wistfully and passionately the clouds of the West's latest ideal and strives to drag that ponderous bulk of eternal tradition, whose today is all time—this immemorial China—into the new and shifting paradise of the white man's liberty.

From the preparatory school of the Anglo-Chinese College at Shanghai he went to St. John's College of Shanghai. The progressive instinct of the West captured his Oriental imagination; he sought the place where best such progress may be found. The young Chinese came to Cook Academy, New York, and from there went to Columbia, where he was graduated in 1909. He was 21, a brilliant young man, whose mind had been opened, whose people wept for leadership, and he had accomplished a fine education in the metropolis of the New World. His opportunity was before him.

He is not yet 34 years old; he was only 25 when he became a counselor of the Chinese foreign office; at 27 he was minister to Mexico; at 29 to the United States.

In very truth, he is Young China.

He himself places the beginning of his career at the day he married Miss Pao-yu Tong, daughter of H. E. Tong Shoa-yl, former premier of China. This was in 1913, but Koo already had been secretary to Yuan Shih-kai, president of China, and swiftly promoted to cabinet secretary.

He has served on every important Chinese international commission since 1910—since the day he returned, a young Columbia graduate, to place that which he had extracted from the West at the feet of the newly restless East. This man at 21 sat on the commission to settle claims arising from the Chinese revolution. This man, at 33, presided over the recent Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, as temporary chairman, while men of such European experience as Lord Robert Cecil, Rene Viviani and Carlo Schanzer sat around the table. So far has he come, the Chinese boy, born in the obscurity of an unawakened East, to the day where he claims for that same East the recognition he and others have won in western regard. His figure is striking. If he were of any other nationality you would say he looked like a Chinese; being a Chinese he looks as if he belonged to another race. His firm, keen outline suggests a modification of the North American Indian, refined by introspective philosophy. The uniform breadth of his face suggests the Southwest of Europe. His eyes are of China. His frame is compact and square, though slight; his height medium. His movements are graceful and spontaneous. He is never at a loss for either the word to say or the act to perform. His manner is quiet, friendly and, like most of his countrymen, not voluble.

Here at the Conference he reserves almost all he has to say for the committee sessions; he is little seen and less heard beyond the doors of the Pan-American Building. But, unlike his colleague, Dr. Alfred Sze, Koo is never tremulous; he meets a blow, such as is leveled at China periodically, with a steady eye and an unchanging countenance. He knows the game.

When China's representatives here, official and unofficial, sink into despair, Koo's front is stiff and reservedly suave. He has no illusions;

life in the capitals has taught him that much. But he believes he knows this country and the state of mind of the world. He believes that public opinion will rehabilitate China, so he keeps a stiff upper lip, blinks not, and sits tight. He knows the game.

He is, judged by the standard of either East or West, a handsome man and of wide accomplishment. His mind reminds one in its manner of working of Charles Evans Hughes; it has the same prompt decision at least and is inclined also to dig deep for facts. But Koo does not always answer promptly; he simply looks at you, as if he had the answer all ready and was merely making up his mind whether to tell you. You can see in his eyes that he is casting back and forth and all around in his mind, so that his ground is sure.

His eyes and his expressive mouth are his most striking characteristics—the latter full, sensitive; the former brilliant, alert.

He is, of course, a politician; but also he is a statesman. He combines the two and by the aid of both he hopes to wring from this Conference China's new chance to live.

Whether in the process of westernization he has ceased to be Chinese is a question. It is true that whereas the Katos and Tokugawas learn English, but remain forever Japanese, the Koo and Szes cease most completely to be Oriental and are no longer subtle.

It is another question, too, how far they are the China of 400,000,000 today, for that China, when its leaders put on frock coats, has a habit of forgetting them.

The answer to that question is the key to China.

But, at least, Koo is not so far removed from the ideals of the Canton movement as his official position indicates; only his young, shrewd life has taught him that where the road lies there should a man walk.

For Young China it is not a very distinctly outlined road and the pitfalls are many. But so he walks along this road, Wellington Koo, most brilliant of the Orient's younger sons, and in his thirty-fourth year with the honors and achievements of a normal career already credited to him. They say of him that he is always on the winning side; they say of him that he is lucky; but it is not merely coincidence that he wears the Order of the Golden Grain, second class—Special Brilliancy. Brilliancy is his middle name.

WANG CHUNG-HUI.

NO one has been able to explain why Wang Chung-hui wears just that sort of a hat, unless it be because it is the kind that suits him least. It is a derby hat of no visible pedigree and belongs in low comedy of the very worst kind.

With all respect to Dr. Wang, it is the sort of hat You-know-who or What's-his-name, the famed comedians of the silent and silver screen would make a great deal of. It is the sort of hat intended to be balanced by the rim on the nose, though of course one does not expect Dr. Wang to do this.

It would be nice to discuss hats: hats depressing and hats stimulating; hats of utility and hats of futility; revealing hats and mystifying hats; autobiographical hats—but we have to do not with hats, but heads, and when you get below the hat—

Dr. Wang Chung-hui is chief justice of the Supreme Court of China. Merely pausing to remark that William Howard Taft would decline to wear such a hat, let it be said straightway that Dr. Wang is the law, but not the profits, of China. The distinction is drawn because there are in constant circulation narratives of corrupt judiciary and officialdom in that promising republic.

The judiciary, in particular, is at this minute the object of heavy bombardment from opponents of the plan to yield up extraterritoriality in China. Now a perfect understanding of the point to which objectors can justly go, and beyond which their attitude is unfair, involves a close analysis of the Chinese courts—national, provincial, local and mongrel.

As this would tire the reader, and as moreover the present writer misunderstands the whole subject thoroughly, the topic is passed by with the simple assertion that no one at all ever thinks of coupling the name of Dr. Wang (even with that hat) with any suggestion of corruption in China. He is the most respected, respectable and reliable man of New China.

He is actually the intellectual crust. You can see that by looking at him. His intellect fairly swells inside his head and manages to escape, in an expositive way, through his remarkable eyes. Of all the intellects gathered around the Conference table, the engaging countenance of Dr. Wang Chung-hui is the most convincing.

You would hardly take him for a chief justice of the Supreme Court, though undoubtedly you would take him for something. His skin is rather tightly drawn over prominent bones. His mouth is broad-lipped and wide, a narrow black stream-line mustache runs the full width of the mouth and a bit beyond, in the favorite Chinese manner. His ears seem to hang low and are a trifle spreading, while his well-marked eyebrows curve most peculiarly almost into a hook. His black hair is brushed well down over the right temple. He wears a white linen turndown collar, which, it is regretfully recorded, never is adjusted properly; invariably tilts at one side. Then there is the hat--

He is only in his thirty-ninth year (though the hat, of course, may be an heirloom). In a more secluded way his career is not far short of the brilliant Wellington Koo. Moreover, it has been a career of practical ends and enduring accomplishments; as shall appear later.

Wang was born at Kwang-Sheng, and finished at Pei-Yang University, Tientsin, when 18 years old. During the Boxer Rebellion he discreetly went to Japan to study political affairs and from there he proceeded to the United States in pursuit of higher education, receiving his D. C. L. from Yale in 1904.

Contemporaries there describe him as a remarkable man, and among his more remarkable achievements while he was at Yale was a translation of the German civil code into English. Another remarkable thing was his selection to be co-editor of the Journal of the American Bar Association.

In his methodical Chinese way he had made up his mind, as far back as the days at Pei-Yang, that his chosen study should be international law, and only once has he been diverted briefly from that aim. From Yale he went to England, France and Germany, pursuing this goal; in the course of his post-graduate work he was called to the

English bar at the Inner Temple. In 1907 he had his first opportunity to translate his studies into performance, when the Chinese government appointed him assistant to Lu Cheng-hsiang, China's representative at the second Hague Conference.

From that day forward he has been sharply identified with the political fortunes of China. In the First Revolution (1911) Kuan-Tung elected him as its representative to attend the Nankin Conference for discussion of the form of government China should adopt. He was one of the outstanding figures of this conference and his pen contributed largely to the final form.

As a natural sequence he was appointed minister of foreign affairs of the Nankin provincial government, from which post he was taken, in March, 1912, to be the first minister of justice of the newly-formed republican government, at Peking. He was then 30 years old.

When the premier, Tang Shao-yi resigned, Wang went with him, and though the Chinese government, anxious to retain his services, offered Wang an appointment as chief advisor to the ministry of foreign affairs, he declined and went to Shanghai, where the Chung-hua Book Publishing Co. was glad to obtain him as its chief editor.

Concurrently he held the position of vice-president of the Fu-Tah College, though he maintained an active interest in national affairs and was rapidly approaching the point where Chinese, irrespective of political affiliations, regarded him as their soundest authority on international law.

He kept in the background, however, until the time of the Yuan Shih-kai monarchical movement was started, when he stepped out into public view again rather sharply, and was one of the chief factors in frustrating it. Kuan-Tung then asked him to take charge of its foreign affairs.

Dr. Wang had now arrived; he was the court of last resort in all high legal matters and his services were considered indispensable. The government appointed him president of the law codification commission and he has been mainly responsible for the second revision of the criminal code, so sorely needed, and just recently concluded. His erudition is remarkable and he is the one man above all others in China, and therefore the world, who has made a painstaking study of China's ancient laws.

His latest promotion was a foregone conclusion and stamps him with the visible reward of his efforts and at the same time indicates him to be among the intellectual leaders of New China. These men—Wang, Koo, Sze, Sun and others of rival parties—have most inspiring careers behind them. It is impossible to consider the steady achievement of such enlightening effort without being impressed with the capacity for assimilation possessed by the Chinese mind, and, too, the capacity China itself possesses to produce men of the highest intellectual caliber judged by even the sternest of western standards.

Dr. Wang, practically speechless in public, but with eyes wide open all the time and a mind by no means obscured, is possibly the equal in many respects of any individual at the Conference table, and the superior of many.

Just as many clouds have a silver lining, so, under the hat of Dr. Wang Chung-hui, is a head which it may be conceded, is by no means a nutmeg.

France

ARISTIDE BRIAND.

ARISTIDE BRIAND, a statesman with an anonymous face, is ready to do his job. He is a sort of habit with France; he holds the world's record with his seven times as premier of the republic. He knows, too, how difficult it is to serve a democracy. His coming speech will be the epitome of Briand, all he has worked for and all he hopes to accomplish. On it, to a considerable extent, hangs his immediate political future.

When he rises in the Conference and opens that cavernous mouth, forceful, meaning phrases will march forth, in a voice which really is a choir in itself. There will be nothing graceful, nothing reminiscent of the polished Balfour; it will be the eloquence of a man gifted with the art of being homely.

Twenty years ago at a radical meeting in Paris, an anarchist who later proved to be a spy in the French secret service addressed a large audience. Among the listeners was a tallish, stooping man of some 40 years, shabby and shuffling. At frequent intervals, the shabby man lifted his deep voice and boomed approval: "A bas la societe bourgeoise!"—down with the bourgeoisie! As the meeting ended, the shabby man with the drooping mustache and flashing eye placed a heavy hand on his neighbor: "Comrade," he demanded; "comrade, lend me a franc for a drink of hot wine."

The panhandler of that distant day, then a penniless lawyer without a client, sat in his hotel at Washington and gestured his desire for an everlasting peace.

The same man, now premier of France, who clutches a correspondent's arm and lurches heavily along the sidewalk, who will loiter on the steps of a hotel for a casual word, who peers out from those deep, somber eyes and with wide-distended mouth choruses his patriotic ideals for the French Republic.

A strange, compelling man, this Briand. He looks, when he walks ahead, a narrow-bodied man; but as he faces you his build is heavy; and when he clasps your hand you see nothing but that lion's face, the graying hair and mustache, and the melancholy eyes.

"The speech of your Mr. Hughes," he remarks, emphatically, "was a l'Americaïne. When I speak I shall be a l'Americaïne, too. It is the way to do things—a l'Americaïne. I like it."

The crowd persists in referring to him as "Bryan," but this matters

FRANCE



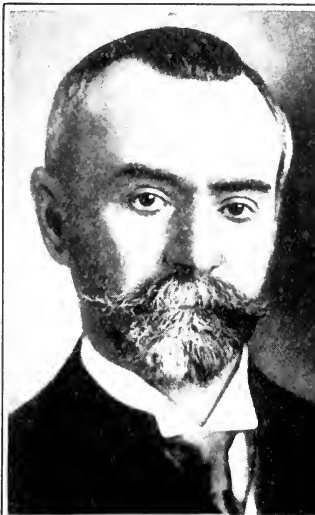
ARISTIDE BRIAND



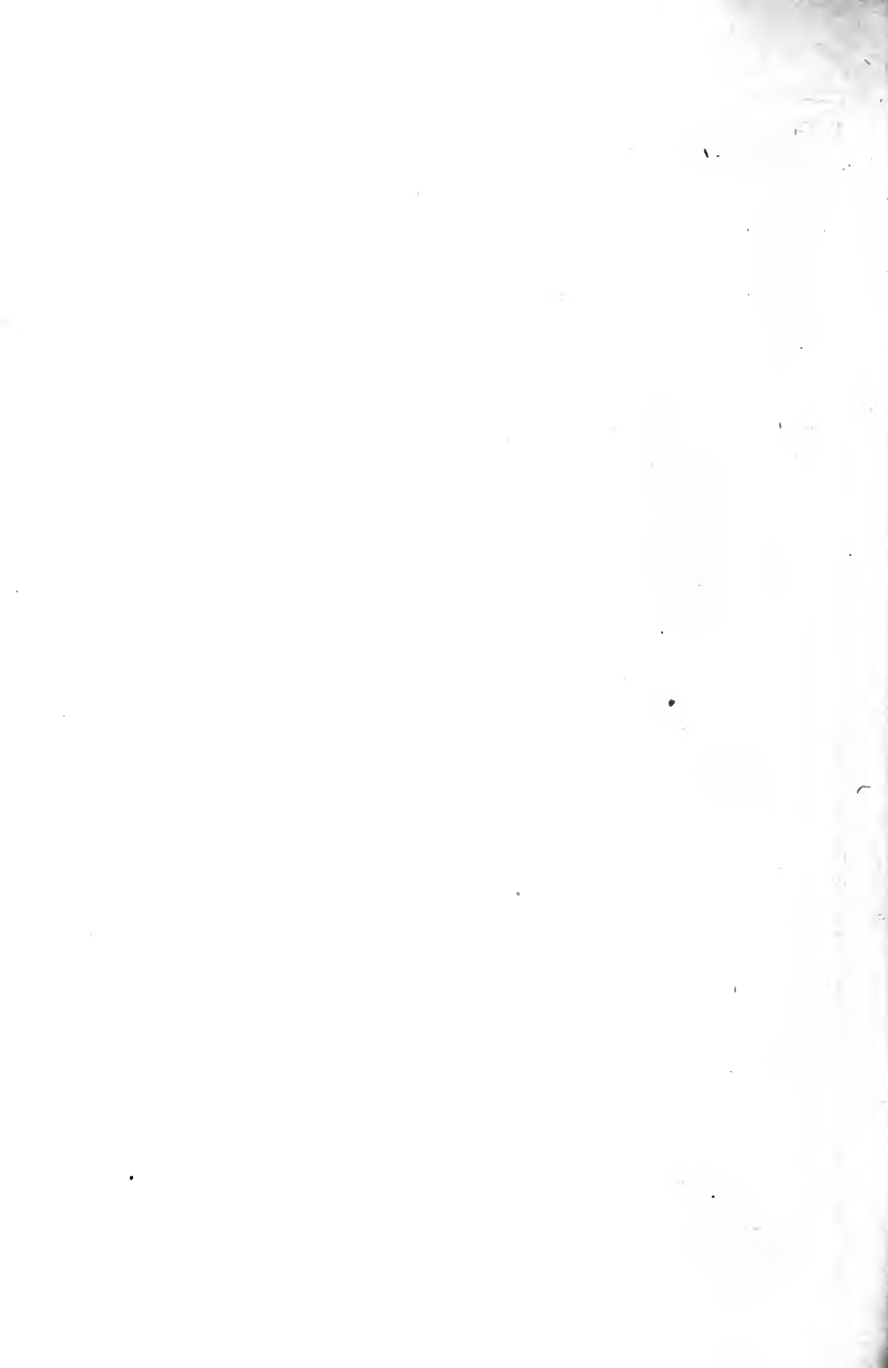
RENÉ VIVIANI



ALBERT SARRAUT



JULES JUSSERAND



to him not at all. They are beginning to understand him, irrespective of pronunciation, and his friends multiply daily. That is his democratic manner, always accessible, always approachable. He is more likely to saunter through the hotel and roll cumbrously up the street on his sturdy legs than to be escorted to a be-flagged limousine. His manner of speech reflects his life which, here in Washington, as at home in France, is almost austere in its simplicity. His tastes are quiet and the highest excitement he has permitted himself here is an evening at the motion pictures to which he slipped off unostentatiously while correspondents and attaches ransacked the hotel for him.

He despises "style" in oratory, and although a great reader of the classics, never uses quotations; never uses legal and scientific terms. He bears down his opponents, not by Lloyd George's bitter denunciation, not by Georges Clemenceau's withering satire, but by sheer weight of frankness, logic and sincerity. They say he never loses his temper.

His personality is not one easily to catch popular imagination. He is the philosopher of politics. He is a constructive Socialist who, however much he may be devoted to his ideas, knows that civilization marches slowly and only with many experiments; nor must the experiments wreck the laboratory. Often he has boomed at the tribunal, "Reforms can not be carried out by violence. . . . Reforms are not fruitful unless they are carried out in a country prosperous and peaceful. . . . Private or collective interests shall not prevail against national interests."

Two things, more clearly than anything else, illuminate his character. He can fight and win without inflicting a wound. His life has remained untouched by the personal form of gossip in which certain Parisian publications indulge concerning men of the day.

Now this penniless lawyer who was thrust into public life by his sensational defense of labor leaders, this seven times premier of France, is going to make a speech which must affect profoundly the course of the Conference and, through it, the hopes of the world for enduring peace.

First, realize the background against which he, a Frenchman and premier of the republic, must speak.

When Alexandre Millerand was elected President of France in succession to the unfortunate Paul Deschanel, the man who consolidated Millerand's support, who "lobbied" for him, was Briand. And Briand's name was on everyone's tongue as the logical premier. But Georges Leygues was chosen, and the reason was simply Millerand's determination to exercise a larger degree of personal direction in foreign affairs than is customary with French presidents and Briand's unwillingness to be a man of straw. Leygues was such a man. And he lasted just long enough for Raymond Poincare, perhaps the most powerful man in France these days, to make definite his plan for extreme severity with Germany.

Millerand was for moderation, but his policy as premier had been admittedly clumsy. The duel between Millerand and Poincare grew keen, particularly when it became obvious that the former president aspired to the portfolio of foreign affairs, where he might put his plans into execution. So devoted was Poincare to this ambition that he refused the ministry of finance, the most important place in the

cabinet, inasmuch as the financial problem is the greatest of all France's tasks.

But when Poincaré's plan was drawn out into the open, there was a far-reaching revulsion of feeling. Whereas, a year before the pendulum of French politics had swung far to the right, now it swung back to the left; not all the way, but far enough to permit Millerand to ignore Poincaré and, having learned the weakness of his own position, to summon Briand, giving him a free hand, as, indeed, he was entitled to have under the French constitution.

Briand has stooped to politics to conquer statecraft. His speeches have been most confusing, but simply because, in pursuing his goal of moderation and reconciliation, he is appealing at one minute to the sympathies of the left and at another to those of the right. Thus it is not until one can eliminate the arguments of debate and pin him down to the fundamentals of his policy, and then place them against this background that it is possible to understand exactly what his position must be before the Conference.

It is to be found here. In the beginning of October he outlined his foreign policy in a speech in which he paid a high tribute to the sincerity of purpose of Chancellor Wirth of Germany. It was such an impressive tribute that it almost cost Wirth his job. Asked if this foreign policy as stated at that time stands as his attitude, and that of the government he represents, Briand replies, without hesitation: "Certainly, yes."

He says it in a simple burst of conviction. There is no reservation. He even leans forward and clasps his interrogator firmly by the arm. Summarized, then, the Briand policy is this:

"The undertakings entered upon by the present German government have been fulfilled. For France, there must be no aggressiveness, but no timidity.

"France must remain armed as long as her security has not been assured. France has earned the right to reparations and security. At no time shall the French government yield on those points. I will refute the accusations of imperialism which have been made against France. I will prove to the Americans that France wants peace.

"If guarantees of security are granted France, she will be among the first nation to enter into the policy of disarmament, for France loathes war and imperialism."

These are Briand's own words, and he can only repeat them in the Conference hall. What form of guarantee he will suggest remains to be seen. Very properly he refuses any discussion of it in private interviews.

In France they have been saying that Briand's day is done. They have said the same thing six times previously. Always Briand has come back to do an unemotional job. If there is one thing he dislikes it is sensationalism. He says so himself, and exemplifies it in his acts. He is not, like Lloyd George, the mob's ideal; nor like Woodrow Wilson, the *deus ex machina*. What he says will be plain to understand by all who hear him. As he himself says, it will be "a l'Americaine."

(Note: The forecast of French policy was written in anticipation of M. Briand's speech before the Conference at the second plenary session, and was published in *The Detroit News* on November 17, 1921.)

RENE VIVIANI.

RENE VIVIANI is a man with a past and a future, but whose present travels on wings. Otherwise they like to call him the William Jennings Bryan of France. This is due to his silver tongued oratory. Some one naturally has styled him Europe's greatest orator, just as some one else has given that self-same compliment to Lloyd George, Briand, Clemenceau and several others.

Oratory differs in substance. But Viviani is a most persuasive man, with a most persuasive mind, not of the subtle, subterranean kind, but of the open, let-me-tell-the-pitiful-truth character.

He looks unlike a Frenchman, tall, big-limbed, broad-featured, but he constantly challenges his distinctly Teutonic face by the most Latin behavior. He is perpetual motion; speaks fast, volubly; is generally excited, nervous, eager.

Also he is partial to a fearsome necktie of large black and light gray checks, the squares quite as large as those on the handy checker boards made for travelers. In the tie a pearl the size of a small thimble.

His hair is scant, gray, close-trimmed; his mustache scant, gray, close-trimmed. His eyes are somewhat heavily pouched beneath, and his forehead has some enduring wrinkles. His upper lip is thin and the type which ages slowly, and seldom withers. He most resembles a prosperous American merchant from Southern Ohio, and he is 58 years old.

A pitiless critic once said of Viviani that he has talked himself through life—talked his way into office and talked his way out again; talked his way across the Atlantic, and will talk himself into the grave. But it is not denied that, even so, he talks very well, and enjoys the valuable quality of making people listen to him.

He was born in Sidi Bel Abbès, French North Africa, and, like so many of the modern French statesmen, became in youth a Socialist. In fact scarcely had he set foot in France, from Algiers, than he became one of the most talkative and talked of Socialists in Paris, which is possibly the most talkative city in the world. Viviani's silver tongue was in great demand along the political Chautauqua routes and the verbal currency of oratory brought leadership.

He was just 30 years old when his gifts landed him in the Chamber, being elected a deputy from the fifth ward, Paris. Nine years later he was defeated for re-election and was out for four years. Then, in 1902, the Department of Creuse sent him along as deputy, and Clemenceau put him in his cabinet to be minister of labor, for the same reason that Doumergue later made him minister of public instruction, his magnetic hold on many intellectually-minded radicals and his capacity for energetic work.

The Socialist Party of France went through its grand upheaval in 1904, and became the United Socialist Party. Viviani, Briand and many other spell-binders of younger Socialist days stayed outside.

Viviani called himself thereafter an Independent Socialist. He remained a more or less constant figure in public life until the spring of 1914, when France elected an exceptionally radical Chamber, and weeks ran into months without the excited and excitable factions being able

to agree on a Prime Minister. At last, in mid-July, President Poincare persuaded Viviani to make an effort to form a cabinet. Viviani, clearly able to out-talk any man on the floor, obtained a vote of confidence from about two-thirds of the Chamber.

At that time, significantly enough, the chief issues were maintenance of the law requiring three years' service in the army, and provision for a loan of 1,800,000,000 francs (at that time equivalent to \$360,000,000) for military preparations. Viviani supported both and, while the fight was still warm, came the World War.

Viviani reorganized his cabinet to meet the emergency and lasted slightly more than a year through those fevered times, when he yielded place to Briand. His resignation was attributed to the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the Balkans. Theophile Delcassé, the foreign minister, had resigned for the same cause only two weeks earlier. Past records didn't count for much in those days; nations sought desperately for leaders.

This was the first big political crisis of the war among the Allies and, inasmuch as in France it was felt that British diplomacy was as much to blame as France's, the impact of Viviani's fall shook the respectable British ministry and made Sir Edward Grey the target of much speculative inquiry.

The public reason given for Viviani's collapse was that the government had permitted the Teutonic powers to gain ascendancy in the Near East and to launch military operations on a grand scale which might have been prevented.

Viviani went out; Briand came in. Viviani went to work at his most notable occupation, talking. They sent him to the United States, where he talked co-operation, and bonds of friendship, and liberty of the world.

They sent him over again, when a separate peace between the United States and Germany seemed imminent, and he talked sadly of the poverty of France—talked at the White House, in Senator Lodge's office at the Capitol, and in the presence of Secretary Hughes.

They sent him to Geneva to the Assembly of the League of Nations, where he talked himself into Leon Bourgeois' place as France's leading exponent of the League—poor old Leon, who had nursed the League as a baby in the cradle, and pulled it through the political croup and everything.

Finally they sent him as viceroy for M. Briand, and to talk of France's passionate desire for peace, assured by a goodly army.

In the presence of Briand, at the Armament Conference, Viviani was silent, of course. Later, as head of the delegation, his speech in the Conference justified his repute.

This eloquent man can be eloquent on many subjects. He is a little abashed by one misadventure. Somewhere, some time, in the last few weeks, by error of pencil, or typewriter, or telegraphy, his musical name of René, with accent, became converted into Gene, without accent, and by that curious whim of persistency inevitable in such cases, as "Gene" he has become a familiar person in many public prints.

He can be eloquent about that.

Also he has been a strong advocate of votes for women. "Rhetorical homage," he ejaculated, sagely, on the wing between two interviews, "will no longer satisfy women. They are entitled to vote for an

infinite variety of reasons, particularly now when grievous war taxation confronts them."

Compared with Briand or Clemenceau, Viviani is soft-voiced, but he is no less definite. He rather surprised his friends at Geneva when he loudly supported Lord Robert Cecil and Signor Schanzer in their demand that the Commission on Disarmament conduct open sessions. Of the present Conference he has said:

"If the discussion is confined to the naval service, the result of the Conference must be limited."

But this was said in support of the League's efforts in the direction of disarmament, and before Briand's historic speech, "We have no right to forget."

Being strongly pro-League and strongly pro-French, Viviani of course is strongly pro-alliance of any form whatever, so that it includes Britain, France and the United States. There are many who say that this will be his work: an eloquent, persuasive, suggestive appeal based on the Harding proposal, but quietly steering the minds of the delegates in the direction of the French goal.

Viviani thinks that the present League of Nations would be the strongest possible moral force in the world if it only had a substantial army to enforce its decrees. His mind works that way.

He is essentially of a sociable disposition, even though he does not stay long enough in any one place to consummate friendship. He looks at you hurriedly, and his eyes dart off, as if a dozen emergencies were calling him and he was late for every one of them. He always runs around as if he were overdue. A word, and he is off at a tangent, reappears in voluble conversation with a compatriot, is gone, and emerges from a different direction clinging desperately to another member of his party, as if fearful that his own quicksilver temperament will carry him away on another animated errand before his message is concluded.

So goes the fevered little day for Viviani—restless, conversational, and very, very French in all things, except his face.

And when it comes to faces, no one around the table at this Conference is going to throw rocks.

ALBERT SARRAUT.

HE knows a thing or two about natives, does M. Albert Sarraut. He loves them, they love him. M. Albert Sarraut says so.

The French colonial minister is the third member of the French delegation. He is a man of mystery, a tomb-like man, rarely seen, never heard; no inspired quotations from his rich experience become available to the press. He is part of the background of the French delegation; presumably conserving his giant intellect for the exacting contests of the committee room. But he loves the natives; and they love him.

Sarraut has enjoyed one of those quietly-distinguished careers, which should have been sensational, but happens to have been overclouded by a super-sensational era. He is a man who constantly has done surprising things at which no one has been surprised.

In appearance he is disappointing; that is, he doesn't look the sort of man you expect him to look. He has a disappearing face; the longer

you look at it, the less you see it; each time you think you have fixed it in your mind you go back on the run to take just another look to make sure. He has gloomy eyes, a taciturn mouth and somewhat hollow cheeks. Physically he is well proportioned and has what is usually styled a strong face.

Albert Sarraut was born in Bordeaux 49 years ago, and by the time he was 30 he had become under-secretary of state for the interior. That is surprising, for in Europe age is precedent to honor as a rule. Sarraut should have been a marked man.

M. Clemenceau, who does not like many people, likes Sarraut. That was surprising. Sarraut collaborated with M. Clemenceau, and later, became under-secretary in the ministry of war, in close contact with which office his career for years was to be cast. In this post he organized the first aviation section of the French army; and as this was more than a decade ago, this, too, was surprising.

But it was in 1911 that he found himself and his career, when he was appointed governor-general of Indo-China. He was told it was chiefly necessary he should be vigorous. And he was.

This was not difficult. The European policy towards subject natives is always one of vigor. It is a peculiar method, but a unanimous one, and a successful one, from the European point of view. The European mind regards the average subject native as something of a higher animal, relatively speaking; that is, he is higher than some animals, but lower than others, such as dogs and horses, for example.

The subject native has the sad lot of being compelled to learn what the white man considers to be right and wrong; and to order himself accordingly. Frequently the new standard is wholly antagonistic to the old, and the subject native, being a subject, suffers for it. That is why they are called subject natives.

By that happy dispensation which gives the white man all the earth he can hold, and more than he can digest, the problem of regulating these subject natives so that they will not interfere with the proper regulating of subject natives by white men involves a simple code which is well expressed by the instruction to M. Sarraut:

"Be vigorous."

By vigor the native is ordered, shocked, intimidated, compelled and civilized; most of which, particularly the last, makes him supremely unhappy.

There is a population in Indo-China of 25,000,000, thus supplying ample opportunity for the exercise of vigor of the most resolute character. The first and most obvious outlet for vigor is in the intrepid enforcement of a new and civilized code of conduct. In a population of 25,000,000 there are bound to be some 24,000,000 Indo-Chinese who—anyway at first—break this code, by ignorance, dislike or sheer stupidity. Which happened. Whereupon M. Sarraut punished promptly, meting out particularly severe penalties for crimes against humanity—humanity, be it understood, as defined by civilization.

By this means M. Sarraut won their love, so that when, in 1914, he returned for a visit to France he was able to leave a colony of only 300 white soldiers to perpetuate the necessary vigor by which the territory was ruled.

There is nothing here to compare with the Leopold era in the Belgian

Congo. It was almost stereotyped in its political authenticity. Every colony containing a subject native problem has the same story to tell. There is always a Sarraut, or a Kitchener, or a Cromer, or a Rhodes, or a Milner, or a Curzon—and they each have the same mission: imposition of Western standards on the native mind, so that business may be conducted without obstacle or peril.

Returning to France, then, and leaving behind him his 300 trusted invigorators, M. Sarraut outlined a dream he had encouraged during his governorship. This dream was that France's colonial empire, comprising a territory as large as the area of the United States and 14 times greater than France itself, should be reorganized on a vast plan of development so that the colonial resources should flow merrily and without delay or impediment through the coffers of the home land.

A splendid dream. Viviani, the one-time Socialist, considered it magnificent. But others were dreaming also, and the World War broke out, turning one dream at least into a nightmare.

M. Viviani kept Sarraut in France as minister of education in the war cabinet, and M. Sarraut directed that office, as might be supposed, with vigor. This was the more difficult because so many school buildings had been converted into hospitals, and thousands of teachers were in the national service.

M. Sarraut stood it as long as he could, then threw the cabinet overboard and sought a commission. They offered him a second lieutenancy, and he took it. Now that is another surprising thing. When a colonial governor and cabinet minister becomes a shave-tail, it is surprising and interesting.

Second Lieut. Sarraut marched away to war, fought in the battles of Bois le Petrie and Verdun, and at the latter place won himself the Croix de Guerre.

But just at that time the government, all by itself, had a dream. It summoned Sarraut, whispered in his ear, told him to be "vigorous," and packed him off to Indo-China again. Such a praiseworthy dream was this, and with such vigor did M. Sarraut pursue his instructions, that 140,000 men sailed away from Indo-China for French battlefields, and not all of them sailed back again.

This is considered M. Sarraut's greatest achievement, the obtaining of these native levies, and in 1918 he returned to France to adjust his brow to well-won laurels and bask in the smile of public approbation. M. Millerand looked him over, examined the Croix de Guerre, thought of the native levies, scratched his blue chin, and then asked M. Sarraut to be colonial minister. Every French colonial, interested perforce in the development of colonial resources, applauded. M. Leygues and M. Briand continued him, in the hope, doubtless, that he would pursue his goal of empire for France with vigor, and of this there was no doubt at all.

M. Sarraut is a man of few convictions, but those are abiding ones. One imagines him what his friends would call "strong-willed"; his foes, "stubborn."

In his spare time he affects a love for paintings and is considered a critic of some ability. He has written books, and rather likes to be thought of as a newspaper man. He did do a little journalism at one

time and even was associate editor for a time of *La Depeche*, the important paper of southern France, which his brother, Senator Maurice Sarraut, manages.

But not for his journalism, and not for his law knowledge of early days is M. Sarraut sitting at the table in Washington, staring hard and saying nothing.

He is here because the natives love him and he loves them. Reason, vigor; synonym, "treat 'em rough."

JULES JUSSERAND.

IT IS a wise and proper thing to be gentle with foreign ambassadors. Here is Jean Adrien Antoine Jules Jusserand, a most respectable gentleman, against whom the only objection that possibly could be raised is that he is not an American citizen.

Nevertheless, this unavoidable defect overlooked, Jules Jusserand is a confirmed, free and accepted Washingtonian, than whom none is more confirmed, free or accepted. He loves this capital city with an intimate and enduring affection; is happy to stroll along looking at familiar houses or rediscovering accustomed walks in its environs.

M. Jusserand is in the twentieth year of his service as French ambassador to the United States and the forty-fifth year of his diplomatic service, which he began in the year he attained his majority, 1876. He is the dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington, and enjoys not merely the prestige, but also the esteem of that position. Everyone speaks kindly, and many affectionately of M. Jusserand, which, taking a 20-year residence into consideration, is a remarkable tribute.

He comes from Lyons, and his whole career is a story of diplomatic service. The trivial things which go to make up the preface of the average career are lacking; those trial balloons young men send up to see which way the often-contrary winds of opportunity and desire do blow. He is a diplomat by choice and a successful one by experience.

In appearance he is very much like Sir Joseph Salmond, of New Zealand, until you come into close contact with him, when you are amazed that the two men, apparently so similar, are of such different type. M. Jusserand is slight and Sir John more robust.

Sir John has a reflective face, but M. Jusserand is distinctly an intellectual. His eyes are large and brilliant, his complexion pale and clear, and his long mustache and trimmed beard conceal a sensitive mouth. He is becoming bald, as might be supposed, so that he resembles today the more familiar pictures of Shakespeare. In manner he is modest and soft spoken, with all the love for precise statements of the scholar and the questioning reserve of the student.

Twenty years' time in Washington provides abundant material for a book; probably when M. Jusserand retires he will write one, for writing books is his delight. But it will be a nice book, and will contain no kitchen gossip. M. Jusserand always uses the front door, and never observes any signs of recent strife that may litter the political

households to which he is made welcome. Already he has written "With Americans of Past and Present Days."

The French ambassador, literally, has strolled through life. It is to him one uninterrupted series of hikes; casually taken, thoroughly enjoyed. His figure is most familiar to those who dwell in the northwest section of Washington; he likes to wander up and down the walks of the Zoological Park, or along the numerous trails of Rock Creek.

On wet days he may be seen trudging along, an umbrella tilted over his shoulders and trousers turned well up out of reach of mud and splash. Frequently Mme. Jusserand joins him, and on those occasions the old open horse carriage preferred by the ambassador to the automobile of state, is ordered out, conveys the pair to some chosen starting point, is drawn off the road, and away they toddle through the woods, each as happy as a sparrow who has found a crumb.

M. Jusserand was a very warm friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and was a diplomatic accessory to the famous Tennis Cabinet. He is a good tennis player, but lacks, it is observed, the vaulting abandon of A. J. Balfour in the same pastime.

But with M. Jusserand tennis is a pastime from which he expects to extract something and he is only incidentally interested in contributing something to it. Mr. Balfour rather surrounds himself with the game. The same trait is noticeable in M. Jusserand's tramping adventures; he does not organize the countryside into an arena for semi-public botanizing; he just tramps to no place in particular except it be for preference among those of which he is familiarly fond.

He started to walk quite early. Among the fruits of his walks is the fascinating book so dear to lovers of the English countryside, "English Wayfaring Life." Its title exactly describes it; it is the leisurely, delightful comment of a wayfarer who, in his way, is among the most notable of the wayfarers of his time.

In his pleased and anticipatory way he strolled into history and wrote "A Literary History of the English People." During the year now closing he has been president of the American Historical Association, and he is a fellow of so many important societies, here and abroad, that if he should place on a letter, after his name, all the symbols to which he is thus entitled, that letter might just scrape under the parcel post limitations.

But he never would do that. He is the wood violet of diplomats; he never, under any provocation whatsoever, shouts. He talks little; so little, in fact, that every now and again some group or another in France shakes its fist at him and says it is too bad to find fault with an amiable man like Jules Jusserand, but their interests are not being pushed properly in the United States.

M. Jusserand, being an old hand, does not look pained, merely surprised. He turns inquiringly toward the French government, and says, "Am I to come home?" and the French government climbs onto its chairs and choruses vehemently, "No."

Then M. Jusserand takes an amble through Rock Creek Park.

Twenty years have seen a lot of French history. Many presidents have come and gone; and as for premiers, the list of them would look like a couple of pages from the telephone directory.

But M. Jusserand is eternal.

It is said of him that he minds his business better than any other

man in Washington; but more than that, he has a precise knowledge of what his business consists. You can't say that for many.

His attitude at the Conference, as far as the public is concerned, is absolutely negative. No one notices him enter, no one sees him leave; scarcely anyone observes him in his seat. He is the type of man over whom the eye passes unobserving; he is there but not there; yet, if you get my meaning, he is all there. But the Briands and the Vivianis, who live not by bread alone, but by the grace of a wilful and changing electorate, let them beat the drum and play tin whistles; M. Jusserand is content to scribble a word on a scrap of paper, and edge it along in the right direction or, with bended deferential head, to say a tentative sentence.

Critics may declaim, "Under the pretext of not wanting to offend American opinion, M. Jusserand has discouraged all initiative to promote our interests."

What of it? M. Jusserand asks "What of it?" American good will toward France has been steadfast and practical. He thinks that is his job, in his polite, bird-like way.

And if, after all these years, some French government should think otherwise and give M. Jusserand his marching orders, what of it? He would just as soon walk.

Italy

CARLO SCHANZER

CARLO SCHANZER is a serious man. Also he is tenaciously, consistently, unalterably, whole-heartedly, positively and immediately for disarmament, total and complete—from warships to corn-knives.

Tenacious? You know these pale-featured men, with lacy beards and glittering eyes. How they do fight! Such a man will remain defiantly on the burning deck when all but he not only have fled, but have reached port and disposed of the newspaper, serial, and film rights in the narrative of their experiences.

Schanzer would remain on the deck; he would address the flames vehemently and convincingly either in precise English, with a faint accent, or in liquid Italian, depending on the national registration of the vessel.

He is careful about these little courtesies.

And if the flames ignored his words and insisted on consuming him, he would perish indignantly, but without yielding so much as a semicolon, and happy in the feeling that somehow he had taught the flames a much-needed lesson they would not be able easily to forget.

Senator Schanzer's seriousness is of the intense, consuming kind. This interviewer has observed him during the plenary sessions of the Conference, at several official and semi-official affairs and in other more intimate moments of casual communion, but never yet has he seen him smile. I feel quite sure that if you were to tell him the classic story about King George of England, who can speak 10 languages, falling off his horse during his visit to the front in 1915, Senator Schanzer would regard you with consternation and demand to be told at once whether His Majesty suffered injury. He is the perfect antithesis of Ring Lardner.

Schanzer is of Swiss descent, which explains his name, and was born in Trieste 56 years ago. When 20 years old he was graduated in law from the University of Rome, and straightway began a promising career by becoming secretary to Luigi Bodio, a celebrated statistician. Schanzer wrote several volumes on this exhausting subject and in the course of seven years he had reduced the subject to the point where any statistic in the world would roll over and play dead at the sound of his voice. He obtained, at this time, a position in the council of state through a competitive examination, and at 32 was a councilor of state.

His fame then and thereafter rests chiefly on the taste already developed in him, for he became Italy's foremost financier-statesman,

and is yet. His financial ability, backed by no mean genius at international law, has made him one of the indispensable figures of Italian public life and of corresponding influence in the affairs of the nation.

Giolitti recognized him early and made Signor Schanzer director-general of the ministry for internal affairs; also sent him on confidential missions in the southern provinces. But from the day in 1903 when Schanzer was elected to the House of Representatives his career has been really brilliant. He was ever a fighter and almost as soon as he had accustomed himself to parliamentary usage he turned his pale and tenacious wrath against the powerful influences of the navigation company trusts. So they made him minister of communications, then he went to the ministry of finance, and has held the treasury portfolio in three cabinets.

Schanzer it was who during the darkest days of the World War put over the Victory Loan, toured the country with passionate appeal, and raked in 22,000,000,000 lire for the treasury. He was appointed a senator in 1919.

This quiet-appearing, scholarly man, this man with a student's face and the bowed gaze of one who ponders much, is in Washington on a business he regards as very, very serious indeed. It is, to him, the most serious thing a serious man ever seriously attempted in a life devoted to nothing but serious objects. The Powers found his caliber at Geneva, where he was an Italian delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations. There he rose up in a most bellicose mood and dogged the footsteps of the Assembly with his proposal for active disarmament and, demanding that Article 16 of the Covenant, which deals with the economic weapon, should be interpreted immediately, so that the league would know exactly how to proceed against an offending member.

Other delegates, less devoted to specific adventures, tried again and again to bury the Schanzer proposal in committees, in pigeon-holes, in overcoat pockets, and in waste paper baskets, yet each time Senator Schanzer triumphantly retrieved it, argued about it, and faced down his opponents until at last he forced the issue to a vote on which he was defeated, but not discouraged.

He is a most tenacious man, Schanzer.

Now here he is, voice unimpaired, energy at white heat, unsmilingly consecrated to the fight against armaments, an uncompromising, brittle looking figure, immovable, apparently unbreakable.

He works day and night. He works during the sessions, studies and writes, writes and studies; when he speaks he speaks earnestly and most seriously. He works at his office; he works at his hotel. At any time you wish to see Senator Schanzer the secretary will whisper, "Senator Schanzer is very busy," and he is. Yet he finds time to see you, his pale face politely softened into a weary expression of welcome.

He does not wish you to feel an intruder; but there is about him the impression that he is weighed down with the belief that nothing he can do, working 24 hours a day, will be too much for the end in view, and that he dare not, even for the relaxation of small talk, take his mind off the great subject.

He speaks quickly, but not with that excitability usually characteristic of Latins, and when he speaks in English it is uttered slowly but without halting for his words. He throws his chin up when he talks, so that the light plays across his apostolic countenance and filters

through his soft and curly beard. His shoulders are somewhat bowed from much work over desks and books. His hands are fine, but nervous. He makes few gestures, putting all his power of expression into an earnest delivery and into his brilliant eyes.

For him receptions and entertainments are unhappy interludes of lost hours, which forbid concentration on his task. He wants disarmament in a broad and comprehensive sense; his country wants it. At the secret session, of which nothing has been given out, but everyone seems to know all about, one of the things being kept most secret with least success is that Senator Schanzer spoke very earnest words in the face of M. Briand on the subject of land disarmaments, which made that Breton statesman uncomfortable and stimulated him to further oratory in justification of France's army.

Schanzer thinks this Conference should do something about land armament and wishes to keep on thinking so out loud as often as the subject may be introduced. He views it as seriously as he does any thing connected with the Conference, so he keeps on working.

His attitude may be summed up thus: There is a tremendous quantity of preliminary work to be done; he will do it, alone if necessary, but done it shall be, on the word of a man who never gives up, not even in statistics.

That's Schanzer.

He has the capacity for it; he has the will; and, above all else, he has the courage.

There is coming an hour in this Conference when delegates will be talking obliquely, circumnavigating dangerous issues; and this Schanzer will get up, will tilt his beard, and with a slight flush of determination coloring his pale features, will say:

"This is a dangerous place. But I have studied it. I have charted it. This seems to be the channel to follow. I am willing to go first to show you. Of course, if you are afraid—"

And the delegates will look at this unwearying symbol of tenacity, and some of them will be very annoyed, but all of them will realize that Senator Carlo Schanzer is a serious man.

VITTORIO ROLANDI-RICCI.

FOR 40 years Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci has worn a fresh pink flower each morning in his button-hole—sometimes a rose, sometimes a carnation, but always pink. It is a festive spot of color at the drab Armament Conference table, and fittingly identifies a man who of all those high dignitaries present represents consistent sociability. He is ambassador from Italy and delegate to the Conference, ranking second to Senator Schanzer, yet he protests he is no diplomat. He felt it his duty to come, to serve.

"Diplomacy with America," he says, graciously, "is in the current and traditional sense of the word unnecessary, as Italy and the United States, united by traditional bonds of friendship, have no opposing political interests. With America, diplomatic activity is limited to the commercial field."

Constantly he deprecates his own importance, confesses his slight stature in comparison with those around him, who he assumes (often mistakenly) are so much abler and better informed. He is a robust

man, in every sense of the word. Robust in build and robust in professional achievement; robust in pocketbook, oh, most robust, and robust in his genial outlook on life. But he is a total abstainer from strong drink, and likes farming.

He brings, he says, the "worn out remnants of his life" into public service, for he was 60 years old before he took up diplomatic work. Yet these remnants, if remnants they be, would honor any international bargain counter. Simplicity is his keynote in speech, dress and manner, and back of his courtesy and affability it is easy to detect a genuine wish on his part to serve well—not merely from duty, but because it pleases and interests him to do his duty well; to be nice to people, and to learn from others what he feels to be lacking in himself.

Ricci is a Genoese by adoption, though born in Albenga, a seaport town. He is 61 years old. He was educated at the University of Genoa, and took his degree in jurisprudence in his twentieth year. A year ago, when he gave up his lucrative practice to serve his government, Ricci was the foremost corporation lawyer in Italy, a man whose income tax was the highest paid by any member of his particular profession, a tax which was, moreover, six times as great as that of the corporation lawyer who paid the next highest amount.

He has four consuming interests. First, he places his farm. He has splendid estates in Tuscany, Umbria and Piedmont, where he has initiated scientific methods and his tone suggests that, if he did not feel his duty to be here, he would like dearly to be back there superintending those farms.

Then he is very fond of literature and has himself written some books.

Third, he wishes to build up a strong Italo-American commercial organization, with branches in Italy and the United States. Fourth, he has become deeply interested in Italian emigration to this country, and is conducting a quiet, painstaking and effective investigation of this question.

"In the country of Washington and Lincoln"—this is a favorite remark of his—"a man born in the country of Mazzini is never a stranger."

"I purpose to contribute with all my power to cementing the commercial relations between the two countries, but I do not trust my efforts as much as I do the voluntary help which I hope the greatest commercial organizations of both Italy and America will give me. I plan to create an Italo-American Association to awaken the interests of capitalists, manufacturers and exporters not only in Italian commerce, but also in the commerce of the Near East and Balkans."

He has given some thought to the problem of exchange, but is frank to say that "the high rate prevailing at present is due to unchangeable economic laws which no ambassador can hope to alter or suppress."

He is confident Italy will pay her debts, "as she has always done," and believes that all that is necessary is "reasonable time."

His heart is in the task he has set himself of cementing Italo-American commercial relations, the only thing which persuaded him to take the post at Washington—which, even now, he regards as temporary.

"An economic agreement between the two countries will be mutually useful and easy, as America has plenty of capital and raw materials, while Italy has plenty of willing, industrious workers," he says.

"Though Italy lacks raw materials, she has an immense supply of

water power. Why should not American bankers and manufacturers realize that it is both to their advantage and Italy's advantage to help in the great work of efficient and complete utilization of our water power?

"America is no rival of Italy in trade, but doubtless will continue to be a large market for Italy's greatest product, human labor."

Then he adds that the duty of these workers in the United States is to "be loyal to America." As the country of their adoption, they should uphold her traditions and ideals. A little wistfully he ventures the hope they will not forget wholly their Motherland.

He need not worry about that; they don't, as the New York port authorities can testify.

Forty years as corporation lawyer and expert on financial affairs have left him singularly clear minded on public questions. It seems almost impossible to detect his past from his speech. He has no platitudes and wastes no time defending the theory of capital while he has so much good energy to devote to the practical use of it.

This detachment from his professional past, and his inexperience in diplomatic affairs combine to make him a singularly attractive figure in Washington, where simplicity and inexperience rarely flourish, and never are confessed. He has an idea back in his head that somehow he owes something to the 600,000 young men of Italy, who did not hesitate to make the supreme sacrifice for him and others like him. He speaks with genuine emotion of it. He does not consider he has much talent for high affairs of this sort, but because his government believes he has he wishes to do the thing, and is humbly honored and grateful for the opportunity.

This remarkable and unmistakable consecration of a man of his years and comfortable life, not through ambition, but solely out of patriotism and humaneness, has already singled out Ambassador Ricci from the bulk of visiting officialdom, and has brought him sympathetic recognition and appreciation from the hardest boiled of hard-boiled eggs among the newspaper men. They like him frankly; they and he understand each other; he hasn't an affectation in the world. His kind face breaks into a warm smile of genuine delight when he finds someone who really is interested in his work and will discuss it with him. The ample mustache and beard conceal a sensitive, full mouth, but themselves are handsome enough to be inconspicuous. They belong, as it were, to his general appearance.

His brow is high, and above it curls grey hair. He likes to exercise care in his dress, but is not a dandy, though the pink blossom does make him look something like an elderly bridegroom at his third wedding.

Though he does not drink liquor himself, he regrets prohibition, from the Italian commercial viewpoint, because the wines of Italy may be no longer exported to these shores.

"They are good wines," he asserts, in a detached manner, and from wines he passes to cigars; he admits sadly that the American cigar is the one thing he is forced to exclude from his general affection for things of this country. They are too sweet. So he smokes Italian cigars.

Otherwise, and in more important things, he has a comprehensive understanding of and sympathy with American institutions and ideals, as his conversation easily shows.

As Italian representative to the International Finance Conference he went to Brussels; that and his present appointment are his sole appearances in international life. There is a feeling that if Vittorio Rolandi-Ricci strikes a new note in diplomatic affairs, one of inexperience linked to conscientious endeavor, it is at least a welcome one. For it has happened occasionally that the diplomats know too much for the welfare of their people. Ricci is beginning to learn and he begins in a good day.

LUIGI ALBERTINI.

SENATOR LUIGI ALBERTINI is a practicing journalist. He is editor-in-chief of the newspaper he first served a quarter century ago in a secretarial capacity. He has brought the circulation from 50,000 to 400,000. He has made it the most important newspaper in Italy. Among the 25 delegates sitting at the Armament Conference table, there are 25 publicists, but only one bona-fide journalist. Luigi Albertini is he.

Three rousing cheers for Senator Luigi Albertini.

Unaffected, eager to listen, unafraid to speak, easy to talk to and hard to talk of—this sums up Italy's third delegate. He is a tall, robust man, corresponding in bulk and build, in general appearance to René Viviani. But whereas Viviani always seems to be rushing along but seldom gets very far, Albertini does not give the impression of haste, yet does move very fast.

He makes himself inconspicuous, as a good journalist should, yet almost every one remarks him, partly on account of his size, but chiefly because of a pair of very notable eyes, which meet yours frankly, and shoot an inquiring and appraising glance along the rows of people he passes.

He is very much interested in what is going on, turns easily in his seat to gaze steadily at anything that interests him, and is openly curious to peruse all the documents which emanate from the earnest delegates during a session and which are passed from hand to hand along the tables.

He doesn't make notes, leaving that to the delegation spokesman, Senator Schanzer, and Ambassador Ricci. He stares at the crowd with obvious interest, and scans the countenance of a third assistant undersecretary or a runner for a telegraph company with just as much animation as he surveys those more placid ones at the head of the Conference table.

The Italian delegation is a remarkable one. Schanzer, Ricci, Albertini and Meda—the last named not sitting at the Conference table—are all men of conspicuous ability. Schanzer and Albertini certainly are political idealists of the first water. In personnel, the Italian delegation probably is more whole-souled in devotion to the ostensible purposes of this Conference than any other—more in sympathy, that is, with the complete popular American viewpoint.

Albertini always has been an idealist. In his youth he was an idealist without money or position; at 50 he is still an idealist, though having both money and position. Born in Ancona, he took his LL.D.

degree at Turin, when he was 22. Then he studied political economy and science in London. With this foundation he entered the newspaper profession at the bottom of the ladder in his twenty-fifth year. He had, to commend him, a tireless industry and a sizable ambition. He is an object lesson to all good journalists who are of tireless industry and sizable ambition. He has won everything he wanted and has lost nothing except his hair.

You may consider him a statesman if you wish; he is one. But first, last and all the time, he is an editor; and it is because of his editorial performances that he sits here in Washington as one of Italy's delegates. His newspaper contains the story of his career. He entered the employ of the *Corriere della Sera*, or Evening Courier, of Milan, as secretary to the editor, in 1896.

The editor was something of a politician, a member of Parliament, and was glad to avail himself of a promising young man who could absorb the routine direction of his paper. Even with that opportunity, the individual has to supply much; he must have a mental grasp of the newspaper business; he must be a keen worker.

Albertini possessed all of this and some time before the editor died the secretary had become the active hand and mind in the direction of the paper. When death created the vacancy, Albertini filled it, and has continued to fill, and even overflow it, ever since.

He took over a paper with a circulation of 50,000. At once he stamped the *Corriere della Sera* as the vehicle of constructive and unswerving national policies. This accomplished, he ventured into the international field, with similar success. The Milan paper gained a national circulation and prestige; this he consolidated by powerful connections with the London Times, and the *Matin*, of Paris. It became Italy's great paper, its "Thunderer," and its editor a thoughtful, saner and more impersonal Northcliffe.

In the wake of this impersonal success came a wide personal following scattered throughout the land. When the war came the Italian people looked to Albertini and his *Corriere della Sera* for advice and encouragement. They got it.

Albertini thought things over and as the tumult raged around Italy's possible participation, threw the entire weight of his influence into the balance for war. He led the fight against the pro-German and neutralistic elements, vigorously, and with able generalship. The circulation of his paper mounted and mounted, reached the half million mark, and was checked there only by the condition of the print paper market.

The issue for Italy became centered in this man. Should Albertini carry the nation into war, or should he not? Did he represent the popular will or was he wielding a paper club? The War Party made him its standard bearer, and put him before the country as the test of their strength.

Senators in Italy are nominated, not elected. Signor Salandra, the premier, nominated Albertini and asked the Senate to confirm the appointment. One of the bitterest fights that volatile body ever has seen followed, and Albertini's nomination was fiercely contested by all who opposed Italian participation in the war, and by all who favored the German cause.

Albertini won, and Italy was for war. Salandra directed the declaration.

But Albertini remains an idealist. The war won, he asked for a peace worthy of it. His powerful newspaper, which dropped only 100,000 of that fevered war-time circulation and remains at 400,000, demanded reason in the peace making and assurances of common European prosperity. He denounced the intolerance of the extremists toward the Yugoslavs, and paved the way for that friendly understanding now in effect. His newspaper kept an open door of sympathy between Italy and the ruined segments of the Central Powers.

The extreme Nationalists were confounded. Here was the standard bearer of war belittling the hard-won peace. Stories circulated; Albertini was a change-coat.

Albertini surveyed the situation unperturbed. Completely devoid of personal political ambitions, wrapped up in his newspaper and his conception of its service to the country, he was quite willing to throw his influence on whichever side in changing times he thought most honorable and hopeful. He doesn't swerve—that is the history of the newspaper under his direction. He had the courage, and he had a most satisfying conviction that he was right.

Of course he followed Wilson; that made the Nationalists call him a "visionary"; but a visionary with a circulation of 400,000 contains the possibility of realizing his visions. Albertini is a practical man; it was the inspiration of Wilson idealism, plus the Albertini instinct for practical adjustment that settled the boundary between Italy and Jugoslavia under the Treaty of Rapallo.

Obviously he was the man to represent Italy at this Conference. There was a brother to run the paper. What Italy wanted and what the world hoped for at Washington was the presence of strong men, men not afraid of their principles; practical men with a dash of inspiration about them, men not easily swayed by a happy phrase or a glowing personality.

So they sent Albertini. He fills the bill.

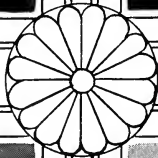
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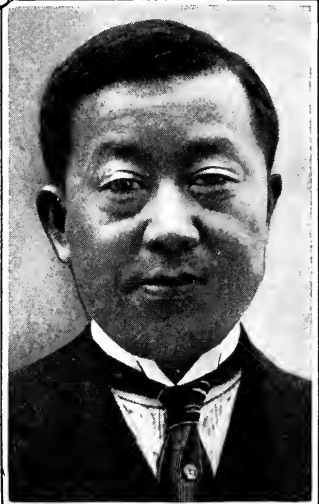
BARON TOMOSABURO KATO



PRINCE IYESATO TOKUGAWA



BARON KIJURO SHIDEHARA



MASANA O HANIHARA

Japan

BARON TOMOSABURO KATO.

HE is an ambiguous man, this Admiral Kato. He carries a sharp and shining sword in his hand, but has peace on his lips. His years are 63, but the wisdom of 163 is on his bony countenance, while his eyes, under drooping restless lids, are, at the most, 36. He seems like any one of a million Japanese until he pops up to greet you, and then you are startled by the sharp, strongly-featured face, a face almost wrought by hand, you would think, out of the crude materials.

Long he stands peering at you from those half-opened eyes, his face a mask of mediaevalism; his western clothes seem ridiculously inappropriate. So powerful is the hypnosis of that high-cheeked sal-low countenance that almost you see the black coat become a flowing robe, the ribboned tuft appear on the top of his skull and a slow-moving fan in his hand.

Rarely he smiles, a quick V-shaped smile with the corners of his mouth shooting far upward, and the narrow eyes becoming yet more narrow. But mostly he just watches, with all the illuminating vitality of a sphinx. A hundred years seems not much to Kato. No superfluous courtesy about Baron Tomosaburo Kato. A cool politeness, a shrewd appraisal, an unsmiling expectancy which is all ready to merge into impatience, and is held in check only by practiced discipline.

There is a vague disquieting instinct which whispers that the baron is offering you all due courtesy, but the admiral has got your number before a word is spoken.

This dual personality of Kato's becomes embarrassing in the course of an interview; for when you send something shrewd at the alert admiral, you find the courteous baron replying in suave but short periods; and when you think to be a little unconventional with the baron you get a jolt from the admiral that almost brings you sharply to the salute.

This hide-and-seek goes on indefinitely, and if anyone has succeeded in tagging Kato he is not boasting about it.

The Japanese delegation has no ranking head, but Kato is it. He is the man to whom the affable Tokugawa and the adroit Shidehara look for the keynote of the Japanese attitude. You need only one glance at these three interesting men, seated side by side, to recognize that Kato is the directing mind. His eyes are two glittering points of determination hidden behind inscrutability; his firm, thin mouth topped by the thin, stringy, gray mustache, is a symbol of character, and his whole lean frame tense and cat-like.

It is a tenseness of life-long effort. You think of those 163 years, written so much more convincingly on his face than are the 63 years

written in the Who's Who; you think of a long and brilliant career of naval professorships, of fleet commands, of staff duties, of ministerial responsibilities, and get the impression that his zeal has whittled him down to this knife-edge of self-contained energy, has worn away his flesh and left merely a pallid flame of courage to clothe these obvious bones.

He dismisses reference to his career with an impatient gesture; he is not here to review history, but to make it.

You accept this gesture and drag your mind back from the Sea of Japan, where he was commander-in-chief of the first fleet in the early days of the war. The baron might be tempted to reminisce, but unluckily you have awakened the admiral, who is of course the minister of marine.

He is, after all, the man whose criticisms defined the purpose of the Hara ministry. He is, too, the man who most determinedly led the fight against that form of Japanese imperialism which made for suspicion in other lands. But, also, he is the man who declared only a few months ago that Japan's "eight and eight" was a minimum and that irrespective of the building program of the United States, or its curtailment, Japan's naval construction plan was born of imperative necessity.

Now Admiral Baron Kato, sphynx of Japan, is the dominant delegate of the Mikado to the Conference on Limitation of Armament and Far Eastern Questions. It is not easy to get into this astute brain; but there are signs to be read, and words to be put together, and gestures to be interpreted, and when these things have been conned and compared with the solemn, peering ghost which is the living Kato, there emerges the story which follows.

In the first place Kato does not believe deep down in his heart that it is possible to separate naval armament from Pacific problems. He is willing to see it tried up to a certain point, but he does not believe that point will get as far as printed paper.

He noted carefully what Stephen Lauzanne has described as the "little stone" which Balfour included among the flowers he threw so gracefully into the Conference. The "little stone" was intended for Briand, but it ricocheted across the Pacific as far as Japan. When you talk of land armaments, you talk of Japan, because Japan represents the most important land armaments west of the United States. You are talking of armies in Siberia and Manchuria, and Gen. Chang's 300,000 men, for example. Gen. Chang is Chinese, of course, but he is virtually at the disposal of Japan.

Thus are forged the links of a chain which fastens the problem of naval reduction to the problem of China, and any one Power concerned may call attention to that chain—shake it, so to speak—when ever that power desires to call up complications.

That being so, Kato has certain points in his mind which, when Japan's turn comes to clarify her view point, he will place on record. Prominent among them will be a simple statement that the Japanese have peacefully penetrated Manchuria along the railway from Dairen to Chang-Chun, and into Siberia, that these peaceful citizens of Japan have large and important investments and that failing any adequate government on the spot it is for Japan to give proper protection to these settlers.

He will add adroitly that the Japanese in Manchuria and Siberia are

as much an "accomplished fact" as the Germans in Silesia or the British in Cape Colony. As an "accomplished fact" he will ask the Conference to regard it.

He will promise that if no difficulty is made about recognizing this "accomplished fact," Japan will not make any effort toward annexation or protectorate, leaving it to the imagination to dwell on the British method which leaves it to the colonists who do the penetrating, to do their own annexing by automatic assumption of government through superiority over the natives. He will not mention this, however.

He will promise for Japan to evacuate Kiao-Chow, in Shan-Tung, if the British will get out of Wei-Hei-Wei, in the same province. He will point out that the British took Wei-Hei-Wei to offset the German occupation of Kiao-Chow. If the latter is yielded, the former should be yielded, also.

Kato wants to convince the Conference that Japan depends in a special way on the Asiatic mainland for raw materials, as well as for markets, all of which means, of course, the food and clothing for the Japanese population.

This being so, he will place special stress on the necessity of recognizing all Japanese leases, especially in Manchuria and Siberia, at the same time insisting that Japan wishes only commercial penetration and not an extension of empire.

It is probable that Kato will indulge in some criticisms of China, which, he feels, is responsible for much misunderstanding of Japan abroad. That China has sold in a legitimate manner valuable privileges to foreign Powers is one point; and that much of the money from foreign Powers has found its way into the pockets of selfish Chinese is another.

He will then bring out the backwardness of China in transportation facilities and the peculiarly advantageous position Japan enjoys to remedy this condition, and so promote trade and prosperity. From this he will proceed to warm approval of the Four-Power Consortium, with its American, British, French and Japanese banking groups—the same Consortium which recently has brought the House of Morgan so much into the limelight as the apparently controlling factor.

With these reservations, the Open Door in China will receive his hearty support and there will be a cordial invitation to Great Britain and the United States to co-operate in the development of the Pacific, with an intimation that such a happy arrangement would make further trouble about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance unnecessary.

This is Kato, and the program Kato inherited from Hara, who gave him his instructions shortly before he left Japan for the United States. By these instructions from the assassinated premier, Kato states himself to be pledged—has stated so many times.

And looking long at this strange little man, this unsmiling question-mark from the East, one imagines that when he's pledged, he—why, he's pledged.

And the world may roll on.

(Note: This forecast of Japanese policy at the Conference was written in anticipation of the committee sessions on problems of the Far East, and was published in The Detroit News on Nov. 19, 1921.)

BARON KIJURO SHIDEHARA.

A JAPANESE ambassador to Washington usually has to face two sets of definite suspicions. The people of the nation to which he is accredited often suspect he is up to something, and the people at home as often suspect he isn't.

When the Japanese delegation to the Armament Conference was announced there was much conversation in Japan, in a loud tone of voice, at meeting and in the editorial columns, concerning the disability of the chosen delegates in any liberal direction. Whether deserved or not matters not at all, here and now. The point is that one name was left respectfully alone or else greeted with equally respectful applause. It was that of Baron Kijuro Shidehara. None in Japan seemed to have anything against him. Every one in Washington thinks well of him. Thus his appointment was unanimous.

Shidehara, like his fellow-delegates from what exasperating writers like to call Nippon, is very Japanese. Unlike the Koos, Wangs and Szes, he was educated entirely in his own country. That is the fundamental difference between the leaders of New China and Old Japan. New China was educated in the United States and learned to take its democracy with its breakfast food, while Old Japan went invariably to the Tokio University and accepts the symbols of democracy in a detached and non-committal way.

This, however, is the only point of resemblance between Shidehara and his principal colleagues, Tokugawa and Kato. The eyes of Tokugawa and Kato turn inward, while Shidehara looks out. None the less Japanese for all that, but a Japanese quick to sense the changing values of the West and even quicker to appraise the winds of sentiment which blow now cold, now merely chill, but rarely hot, from the West toward Japan.

Shidehara has to thank circumstances for the timely development of this necessary sixth sense. He was the pupil of Henry W. Denison. Probably you have forgotten all about Denison. The world remembers with romantic interest the great British pro-consuls, advisers and pioneers, but America frequently has a short memory for those of her own people who have contributed to the progress of foreign peoples. Denison was a Vermont Yankee who went to the Orient originally in the consular service of the United States. He became legal adviser to the Japanese department of foreign affairs, and literally created that department, which was nothing beyond a name until his advent, and was wholly without either precedent or experience. For 34 years, until his death, he held this post with conspicuous success. At the Treaty of Portsmouth he was Japan's representative in the drafting of the document; also he served Japan at The Hague.

Shidehara, when he was graduated in law by the Imperial University, entered the Japanese department of agriculture and commerce. His taste was for diplomacy and he studied and passed a diplomatic and consular service examination. This brought him, at 28, the post of

Japanese consul at London. Four years later Tokio summoned him home to become director of the fledgling legal affairs bureau of the foreign office. Mr. Denison interested himself in him, and between the two followed a warm friendship which lasted until Denison's death.

One may imagine the fruits of this intimacy, the stores of information about American life and manners the alert, eager young Japanese official would absorb from his American friend. All this formed the invaluable basis on which Mr. Shidehara's further career was to be based.

Shidehara came to Washington in 1912 as counsellor to the embassy, was transferred to London, and soon after, 1914, became minister to The Netherlands. From this post he was recalled to be appointed vice-minister of the foreign department, from which post he received the diplomatic crown of the Washington embassy, the greatest office in Japanese eyes of their whole foreign service.

Baron Shidehara is not yet 50, in spite of this brilliant professional ascent and wide experience. Tokio has great confidence in him and he has made a very favorable impression in Washington. He is big built for a Japanese, and wide shouldered. His face is studious, and even, behind his spectacles, pedagogic; but he has few of the racial peculiarities of feature which mark his colleagues so emphatically as sons of—well, Nippon. Like them, however, he is unaffected and unconventional. He may be found in one of the embassy offices, sitting on the edge of a subordinate's desk, swinging one leg and chatting away casually, a degree of informality which few ambassadors permit the visitor to behold.

He has discovered the secret of affability without the appearance of obsequiousness which so often alarms the westerner in his social relations to the Oriental, and has the faculty of understanding what an interviewer is seeking, and betraying the fact.

There is less guile apparent in Shidehara, perhaps as a result of his transactions with Secretary Hughes; ever since he took up his post here the Japanese ambassador has carried forward frequent and frank discussions with the Secretary of State, and is distinctly welcome in that quarter.

His task is not an easy one, as any observer may admit. There has not been a time in the last several years when the country was not entering, experiencing or recovering from a Japanese misunderstanding of some sort. It has been Shidehara's job to explain these things, to adjust difficulties which seemed endless, and he has confessed that the ambition of his life is to be the medium through which the United States and Japan shall reach a permanent understanding on all issues.

To this end he toils ceaselessly, working generally from 9 a. m. until 7:30 p. m. or later. Scarcely a document leaves the embassy which he himself does not draft. He commands English with as great facility as Japanese.

This ambition, no less than his opportunity, he credits largely to the inspiration he received from Denison, so that from that seed of Americanism planted so far afield in 1880 comes the fruit of understanding effort in this day of anxious search for international agreement.

Shidehara is a thorough Japanese. But he understands America.

PRINCE IYESATO TOKUGAWA.

HE IS heir to the last of the Sho-guns; he is Lord in Waiting in the Jako Hall; he is prince of the Tokugawa blood; he is governor of the Shidozuoka clan; he is president of the House of Peers of Japan. But he likes American cooking.

Prince Iyesato Tokugawa is very nearly as broad as he is long. He has that peculiar bulk which, when he is sitting down, makes him look as if he may be a giant when he stands up; and when he stands up he looks as if he were sitting down. His head is round like an orange, flattened north and south like the poles. His hair is short and spiky and inclined to be sparse in one spot like a patch of dark sand in a field of fire-swept stubble. So much for geography.

If he sees you first he is upon his flat, broad feet and with quick steps endeavor to prevent you from tiring yourself out crossing the five feet of hotel carpet. It is characteristic of him, perhaps, that he always sees you first. It is characteristic of him, also, that he is extravagantly delighted with whatever humble remarks you may place before him, finds jewels of wit in them, hugs them to him, and creases himself in an ecstasy of amiability.

There is another Tokugawa the visitor rarely sees. Some member of the extensive Japanese retinue approaches him, and, with the utmost deference, begs permission to address him on some matter. The creases disappear, the head tilts back and an episcopal solemnity comes into the Tokugawa eyes. He is all attention, listens almost grimly, replies tersely and with decisive accents. The conference is over.

Prince Tokugawa is not the head of the Japanese delegation for the simple reason that all three members rank equally. But his position in Japan gives him a sort of implied seniority which is quickly recognized by those coming in contact with him. Baron Shidehara is the best-schooled of the three in diplomacy and has the best understanding of the American viewpoint. Admiral Baron Kato seems to be the most forceful and apparently bears a heritage of instruction from the assassinated premier, Hara. But Tokugawa, by tradition, by training and by experience is easily the most picturesque member of the Japanese mission.

He is the blend of Orient and Occident, and his position in his own country makes him the point of contact between democracy and the throne. He is very proud of this fact and believes himself to be a liberal. Certainly he has no illusions about the spirit of liberty, in Japan and elsewhere, and sees nothing incongruous in his own hereditary title. In fact, he recognizes the peculiar significance of his position and is alert to his importance as a factor in the affairs of modern Japan, scarcely less powerful than his ancestors, the Sho-guns, who, for nearly three hundred years, were greater than the throne.

As the bright-eyed, intelligent prince stands smiling at you, or sits

with his short sturdy legs well apart it is not easy to conjure up the picture of what might have been. Had there been no restoration of imperial authority in Japan in 1867 this rotund prince today would be the ruler of the empire. The emperor was merely a figurehead, so much so that when Commodore Perry signed the first treaty with Japan, he mistook the Sho-gun for the emperor. And it was the Sho-gun who signed.

Prince Tokugawa is the adopted son of this same Sho-gun. He was born in Tokio in 1863, the stormy time when western civilization was lapping at the shores of Japan. Four years later the Sho-gun relinquished his power to the imperial dynasty. A year later Prince Tokugawa was adopted as heir to the Shogunate. Although never himself a Sho-gun, he has preserved many of the traditions. Among them is one forbidding the Sho-guns from accepting office from the throne.

When the Yamamoto cabinet resigned in 1914, the emperor directed Prince Tokugawa to form a new cabinet. He refused. Nor does he consider himself a representative of the emperor at the Conference. He believes himself a representative of the nation, and, truth to tell, the nation has considerable respect for his capacity, his genius for leadership, and his gift for negotiation.

He attended the best schools in Japan, and then spent four years at Cambridge University, England. Later he circled the globe before returning to enter public life at home. He became a member of the House of Peers in 1900 and three years later was chosen president. In 1910 he visited Washington and the privileges of the floor of the Senate were extended to him; and he visited the House of Representatives, where, being noisily greeted, he made a speech of 38 words.

It is his position as president of the House of Peers which gives him his peculiarly significant value to the delegation. This body is considerably more powerful than the British House of Lords, and Prince Tokugawa is in a position politically to mediate between the House of Representatives, which stands for the popular administration, and the House of Peers, representing the powerful groups of aristocrats.

But, his domestic advantages all apart, his appeal to Americans is his personality, at once shrewd and disarming. There are moments when all the guile of the ages seems to lurk in his eyes; and there are moments when his gaze is so round and clear that you almost apologize for thinking it. He has a profound admiration for all things American, although whether that admiration goes so far as to include American naval proposals remains to be seen. But he is supremely happy in Washington and takes a first-hand interest in the menus which are to provide his own particular refreshment.

Outside this naive pleasure in domestic science his two passions are music and wrestling. On the latter subject he smiles and is silent; his suite likewise smiles and is silent, but there is an air, quiet but suggestive, about them that the boss is a terror on the mat. However that may be, he has not done any wrestling so far as can be learned since he came to the capital, but of music he has enjoyed much, being not averse to a good phonograph.

His horizon is a broad one, including in a fairly comprehensive way the two viewpoints which have to be reconciled at this Conference. His

romantic history makes him Oriental; but his experience makes him incline to things of the West, particularly in cooking. But perhaps the dish prepared is too strong. In that case, he can wrestle with it.

MASANAO HANIHARA

"IT'S all bunk," fluently exclaims "Little Hani." It is his gospel of which he, Masanao Hanihara, fourth delegate of Japan to the Conference at Washington, is the high priest and prophet.

Japanese imperialism is "all bunk;" suspicious acts which aggravate the world are "all bunk"; a Japan isolated and complete in itself is "all bunk."

This is the gospel of "Little Hani," who preached up and down the length of Japan and across the narrow breadth thereof the necessity of co-operation between East and West, and who has scores of disciples in the Mikado's Empire who, in turn, pass on the message to other youths. Thus has grown up in Japan from "Little Hani's" efforts a school of progressive international thought.

Who is "Little Hani?" Well, he is still little in inches, north and south, but east and west he has plumped up considerably since his 10-years' service in Washington prior to 1916 as secretary of the Japanese Embassy. Then he was slender; today he is a fitting companion for Prince Tokugawa. Tokugawa is rarely seen in public without Hanihara. In mannerisms, attitude and expression they are similar.

Hanihara's manner has an infectious cordiality which is the more surprising because he never smiles with his eyes. His eyes and the wrinkles of his face convey a constant air of pained anxiety, and this is most acute when he is the companion of Tokugawa. Then the Prince turns to Hanihara on almost every point raised and Hanihara bares his teeth in an uninspired but ceaseless smile and bobs his head in quick little jerks for the entire period of the conversation.

He is merely registering courtesy, not pleasure.

Yet it is not difficult to understand why he was, and is, so popular in Washington. He has Tokugawa's affability, together with a liberal western viewpoint; the two go well together and if his features have settled into somewhat serious, almost somber lines, and his cheeks have become heavy, there is still about him that frank delight in his American friends and his quick understanding of them which make him among the best known men in diplomatic and social Washington.

Mr. Hanihara, 45 years old, was born at Yamanashi-kei. He was graduated from Waseda University in 1897, entered the Japanese foreign office a year later and has been in that service ever since. He is a man who gets on. Yet he is not a pusher nor a social climber. But he makes good use of his opportunities. When he was stationed at Washington as embassy secretary he made deep and well-planned studies of conditions and events, all of which was to bear good fruit in due course.

From Washington he was sent to the important position of consul-general in San Francisco. In 1917 he returned to Japan and when Baron Shidehara, then vice-minister of foreign affairs, was appointed to

the Washington embassy, "Little Hani" succeeded him at the foreign office.

If that was all, it would be still only the career of a clever, hard-working man. But he took many things back to Japan beside his reputation as a good servant of the foreign office. He took back a wonderfully penetrating view of western civilization, a clear analysis of Japan's position as a world power and an acquaintance with American idiom and slang equalled by few foreigners, and remarkable in an Oriental. Also he took back a sense of humor almost American in its breadth and spontaneity.

Thus his droll manner of expressing himself, his wide observation and his sincerity created that new school in Japan which is dedicated to the idea that world problems must not be regarded eternally from the standpoint of Japan alone, but an attempt must also be made to understand the viewpoint of "the other fellow."

That was the phrase he used in his innumerable lectures until he was styled the apostle of the "other man's views."

Any other view of Japan's position, he asserts "is bunk." That Japan should overrun Shan-Tung is "bunk." He says it with an expressive and contemptuous wave of a pudgy hand and that infectious grin which just stops short of reaching his eyes, but otherwise transforms his chubby face into a ploughed field.

He came to Washington as adviser to the delegation with a sort of secondary rank. The illness of Baron Shidehara in the early days of the Conference caused Tokio to appoint Hanihara a senior member of the delegation, thus keeping at the side of Kato and Tokugawa always one man attuned to western thought. Hanihara the indefatigable has done his work well.

He it is who stands beside the very Japanese Kato or the urbane and rather worried Tokugawa and prompts and smiles, and bobs and smiles, and puts the Tokugawa sentiments into the choicest and tersest of American idiom.

The correspondents all like him and trust him. When the rotund Tokugawa is nonplussed and raps himself with his clenched fist lightly on his spiked head, Hanihara steps forward with an engaging bob of the head and a plenary grin and with a nonchalant shrug assures us "It's all bunk."

And, of course, much of it is.

Netherlands

H. A. VAN KARNEBEEK.

IT HAD been interesting if they had tried to keep His Excellency Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek out of this Conference. A man so wily. A man who has been part of the furniture of every peace conclave since he was old enough to follow in his father's footsteps. A man who is said to be, after David Lloyd George, the most skilled pilot of a ship of state through troubled waters in all Europe.

The Karnebeeks, father and son, have directed the foreign policy of The Netherlands for a long time; they are used to it. Also the Dutch are used to it, and like it. The world has grown used to it, and likes Dr. van Karnebeek, slender, piercing-eyed, likable and with two prominent teeth showing just a trifle under his comely mustache.

The chief of the Dutch delegation is 47 years old, the son of Jonkheer A. van Karnebeek, former foreign minister, former minister plenipotentiary, foreign member of the States General (Dutch Parliament), who was vice-president of the Second Hague Conference, and now president of the Carnegie Foundation (Peace Palace).

The son started his career in the colonial office, was secretary of the first Hague Peace Conference and was a Dutch delegate to the second conference. In 1911 Van Karnebeek was appointed burgomaster of The Hague, resigning this post in August, 1918, to become foreign minister. At the recent Assembly of the League of Nations he was elected president. Is it not fair to assert that a conference without a Karnebeek lacks authenticity?

Properly to appreciate Van Karnebeek it is necessary to run the mind over Dutch history of recent years; first, The Netherlands did not enter the World War, though there were many people trying to push her in. But Holland's attitude was traditional, just as the Karnebeek policy is traditional, and the Karnebeeks themselves.

When the Stuarts were driven finally out and William of Orange, the Stadtholder, came to share the British throne with Mary, and Anne succeeded him, every winter used to see John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, over in Holland bending all his talent and all the prestige of his triumphs to winning from the States-General continued support in his war against Louis.

The Dutch make war slowly, and are a cautious but tenacious people. Witness South Africa. In 1914, and subsequently they were tenacious for peace. This country knows the nature of war time propaganda in a neutral state. Every European non-combatant was saturated with it. The Netherlands was not strong in her own might altogether, as was America. Yet tenacity won, and the Dutch stayed out.

Nevertheless there were constant problems for the Dutch to face, connected with that invisible border, to cross which on the part of combatants meant that the war, for them, was over. The Dutch dealt faith-

NETHERLANDS, PORTUGAL AND BELGIUM



E. MORESCO
(NETHERLANDS)



F. BEELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND
(NETHERLANDS)



H. A. VAN KARNEBEEK
(NETHERLANDS)



VISCOUNT D'ALTE
(PORTUGAL)



BARON DE CARTIER
(BELGIUM)



ERNESTO DE VASCONCELLOS
(PORTUGAL)



fully with these; and dealt faithfully with the armies of refugees who sought hospitality and an open road to England or across the Atlantic.

Dr. van Karnebeek had much to do with the skillful direction of his country during those perilous times. His hand was at the wheel when the Kaiser, and then his son, crossed that border and focused the attention of the world on that ancient privilege of sanctuary in a foreign land.

It was a highly delicate moment. Wounds were open and bleeding; the dead unburied; the guns still smoking; the ashes of homes yet warm. Every extremist whose patriotism had become merged in hysteria clamored for vengeance to be centered in one figure. Theoretical distribution of responsibility had no appeal for them; they yearned for a visible victim, an entity which should embody, for the world, trial, conviction, sentence and thereby exemplary annihilation.

Between this gnashing of anticipatory teeth and the troubled figure of a broken old man stood Van Karnebeek, traditional foreign adviser to the Netherlands.

Van Karnebeek kept his head; he always does; the Dutch always do. He looked long on his country's history and its ancient recognition as an asylum for those who fled from political or religious attack. Then Van Karnebeek placidly faced the world, and said:

"He is here. He will remain here—watched by us, but safe. It is his right. We know it and so do you."

And every statesman, including those who had promised the most vengeance, knew he was right, knew also that the Dutch would stick. The game was up.

History owes this bit of record to this man who is unassuming in these deliberations and represents such a durable principle, national and personal.

His qualifications to be styled a gentleman do not rest so much on the fact that he is a lord in waiting to the Queen of The Netherlands as they do on his instinctive sincerity, courtesy and consideration toward those he meets.

He smiles easily and often; his eye bores clear into the heart and into the motive behind it.

Then he smiles and answers; always answers; moreover his answer satisfies.

He has a big responsibility at the Conference which does not appear much on the surface. The Dutch have the prosperous Dutch Indies, Borneo, Sumatra and other islands of great wealth, and in the course of three centuries have done constructive work of a character profitable alike to themselves and others.

Explorers, such as Dr. Carl Lumholtz, always speak highly of the Dutch as colonizers. It is hard to conceive this Conference enunciating any principle of conduct far in advance of the Dutch methods in the East Indies.

On all these counts—his experience in foreign affairs, his skill in navigating difficult waters, his national interest in the Far East, Dr. Van Karnebeek was entitled to attend the Conference. But chiefly he deserves to be here because, as observed, no conference without him would be complete. He believes with all his heart in conferences and never misses one. He is, perhaps, the best available embodiment of the conference spirit.

F. BEELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND.

WHEN the time approached to inquire concerning Jonkheer Frans Beelaerts van Blokland, this writer mentioned his mission to the secretary-general of the Netherlands delegation, Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, who said:

"That will be hard."

"Don't I know it?" I muttered bitterly, with a mouthful of chipped and broken consonants. "However, I merely have to write him, not pronounce him."

"He is married," eagerly put in an attache, who seemed to want to hurry me along.

"Very good," I commented, to show enthusiasm.

"And has children," continued the attache.

"Too vague," I suggested. "How many?"

The attache looked at me curiously and then opened a fat hand slowly and as slowly closing it, added in a detached way:

"Oh, many."

"He is then," I remarked urbanely, "a paterfamilias."

The attache caught me up sharply.

"The Jonkheer is pure Dutch," he contradicted me coldly and with the briefest possible indication that the door was slightly to the right and rear.

One good look at the second member of The Netherlands delegation and you realize the attache was right.

Van Blokland, one imagines, is the original Dutch Uncle. He is Dutch every which way—up and down, and round about, sideways, front or back view, face, head, feet, hands, eyes, speech and point of view; completely, unanimously Dutch.

He is not merely double Dutch, he is multiple Dutch. Like a repeating decimal, his Dutchness (or should it be Dutchiness?) is interminable.

He (think of the blessed usefulness of the pronoun!) was born in The Hague a half century ago and has been in the public service ever since he was graduated with an LL. D. from Leiden University. His first post was no mean one, that of clerk of the Second Chamber of the States-General, which you may consider the House of Representatives of The Netherlands. From there, and without much delay he entered the diplomatic service, climbing the ladder steadily until, in his thirty-eighth year of accumulated Dutchness he was appointed minister to China.

The Dutch always have thought highly of their Eastern appointment, for their responsibilities in the East Indies and thereabouts comprise 40,000,000 more or less souls. It was natural, then, for the minister to China to keep an interested eye on The Netherlands East Indies, and Van Blokland twice visited those possessions during his tenure of office at Peking. His most conspicuous service was concluding a consular convention with China. He was at Peking during three American ministries—those of Rockhill, Calhoun and Reinsch—and cultivated friendly relations with all three.

After the conclusion of the war, Van Blokland was called home to direct the political and diplomatic sections in the ministry for foreign affairs. With that rank he attends the Washington Conference, a man

who is exceptionally well-informed on Pacific colonial conditions, and justly proud of the Dutch record in the East Indies.

Personally he is a cautious, if blunt-spoken man, fluent in English, French and German, whose diplomacy is of the watchful, prudent sort which prefers slow, plain ways to the vaulting methods of the usual European cabinet. His appearance, as indicated, is wholly Dutch. His face is square and his bald dome not sufficiently rounded to remove this heavy impression. He is tall, well built, inclined to stoutness, ruddy faced, blue-eyed.

The only nimble thing about him is his eyes, which are sharp. But his general impression is of substantial stolidity; no one would be likely to stampede Jonkheer van Blokland; emergency would leave him thoughtful but unhurried. His straight, unromantic mouth betokens infinite repose and his nose has the well-marked line of tenacity.

His ears fit so snugly against his skull that, large though they are, they are almost unnoticeable.

Only a trick of arching a curious eyebrow, the left, betrays his interest in a question; otherwise his face is blank and almost wooden, while his blue eyes gimlet a neat hole clear through the interviewer. Yet he is by no means unfriendly, but wholly companionable. Only he does most of his talking inside his head. Life to him is a soliloquy, and by long practice even this is uttered inwardly.

"The madame," observed the attache as I departed, "she stays at home."

"How's that?" I inquired.

The attache looked at me again curiously.

"Education * * * children," he replied, compactly, examining my shoes.

Then he closed the door.

DR. E. MORESCO

JUST as soon as this Conference is over, Dr. E. Moresco will go home. Already he is getting anxious. It is a long road to Java, where the coffee comes from, and Dr. Moresco's figurative shack is at Buitenzorg, in The Netherlands East Indies.

This man is not so much diplomat as administrator, and not so much Dutch as Colonial, which means that the life he has given to distant parts has marked him forever, and has minimized all the characteristics of his native land.

Wonderfully successful tutors of natives, these Dutch; their record is astounding. Patient, sympathetic, business-like and humane, there is little criticism to bring against the Dutch abroad. Of course they make a profit.

Moresco knows no other service than this. He chose his path in boyhood and still follows it, returning shortly to Buitenzorg, Java, as vice-president of the council of what is called Netherlands India. That post ranks him next to the governor-general. He is first of all a student; the Dutch have produced many like him, men who go to the

colonies and have careers obscure to the world, studying plants, crops, natives, climate, conditions.

Their power is great, and their influence greater. They know just what tribe is suited to each particular type of task, where to look for idleness, where superstition. Occasionally they give to the world books of marvelous tales, histories of peoples whose multitudinous names are, for the outside world, all summed up as Malays, but often are not Malays at all.

In Holland every boy must begin to study French when 8 years old, German at 9, English at 10. Moresco was born at Amsterdam, in 1869, and after his primary education common to all Dutch lads, entered the College for The Netherlands Indian civil service at Delft. He was graduated from this institution in 1896, and proceeded straightway to Buitenzorg, Java, to serve his apprenticeship in the general secretariat of The Netherlands Indian government there.

This 10 years Dr. Moresco regards almost as a continuation of the course at Delft; at any rate it forms the practical basis on which his subsequent career has been built. Such a definite impression did his zeal make at home that he was brought back to The Hague to be lecturer on colonial policy and administration at the academy there for The Netherlands Indian government officials.

Six years of this educational work and he went back to Java, this time as first secretary, and with the honorary degree of doctor of political science conferred by Leiden University.

It was now that Dr. Moresco was able to experiment with an idea he had conceived 10 years before. For almost four years he was director of the department of education, with his chief concern the founding of Dutch schools for natives all over the country. It is this work more especially which has made Dr. Moresco one of the world's foremost authorities on native problems and, though you do not hear as much of him as of the great European pro-consuls who work with armies, it is none the less a fact that Moresco's schools have done more than many armies.

He is the antithesis, for example, of Sarraut of France. Sarraut is a soldier, Moresco an intellectual; for that matter Sarraut is a Frenchman, and Moresco Dutch. Either contrast answers the whole question.

Sarraut marched 140,000 Indo-Chinese away to the war; Moresco marches fat cargoes for Dutch bottoms which traverse the ocean and bring prosperity to the government and merchants of The Netherlands.

Moresco's painstaking work among the natives was the culmination of his hopes when he began his studies in Delft, for he had received an impression on his boyish mind that there was a mission specially presenting itself to Dutch patriotism. This mission he has followed with singular devotion and detachment.

In March, 1917, he was summoned to The Hague to become secretary-general of the colonial office, which post he held until the Washington Conference and the appointment as vice-president of the council of Netherlands India, which he goes to take up when the Conference ends.

To him Java is home; it represents his life work, and a work of fruitfulness. He is filled with the lore of the peninsula, and has many strange tales, so much stranger than fiction, of that dimly pictured region.

Personally he is of slight build, with fine features, eyes broadly set

but soft in expression, gray hair and a gray full mustache over a full and sensitive mouth. He has all the air of the student and none of the official; rather one discovers a tendency to forget the story of a colonial administration and to inquire eagerly after native habits, tribal legends, birds, animals and trees.

For this quiet, elusive man lives in a world separate from all else that has to do with the business of nations; life there revolves in a narrow circle, untouched for the most part by any other influence than that which he represents.

It is a world, he thinks, of children, and the natives must not be judged by civilization's standard. Even the gravest crimes must be weighed against their background, not ours. Their faith, philosophy, superstition, tradition, all have a part in composing the code of life.

Teaching and improving them, yes; punishing them, mildly, yes, when they understand the why of it. But children, needing patience, patience, and then patience.

This is the method of the Dutch in their colonies, and Dr. E. Moresco is perhaps their greatest representative of it.

Portugal

VISCOUNT d'ALTE

SENOR San Jose Francisco, Visconde d'Alte, has lived 19 years in Washington as Portugal's envoy and the public virtually knows nothing of him.

This is remarkable, when you reflect that Washington and Paris are the most public capitals in the world. The only difference between them is one of method; in Washington the publicity concerns yourself, while in Paris they prefer to know all about your wife.

No one, not even the ubiquitous Mr. Who, publisher of the revelatory little red book, knows how old is d'Alte. He may be 60, he is almost never heard in public; not often in private. His English is fluent, but rare. He is, as near as may be, both invisible and inaudible.

In appearance he is large-featured, dark-complexioned, turned a little sallow with years. But he shows no signs of decay, whatever his age may be, but looks rather as if each year toughened him a bit and made him more impenetrable, less readily visible and increasingly silent. The whites of his eyes are clear and conspicuous; the nose is large and wide; the eyebrows heavy and dark; the mustache thick but close-clipped; the mouth long and thin.

He is in every respect typical of his country and betrays the unmistakable link between Portugal and the inhabitants of Latin America. He looks more South American than European. But there is a haunting similarity between d'Alte and Root in the shape of the head, features, hair and mustache. Both are silent men. There the similarity ends.

The viscount was born in London and spent part of his boyhood there. His education was at the Universities of Coimbra and Lisbon, receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws from the latter. He is a diplomat by descent, tradition, training and choice. For the Viscount d'Alte to be anything but a diplomat would be like the favored son of a Methodist bishop, holding a ministerial avocation of several generations, breaking away lightly to go on the stage. Not that it hasn't been done, of course.

The viscount's grandfather was Portuguese minister to Russia in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. That, as we measure time in terms of generations, was a distant age; it is a very long time ago in Russian history, as you may discover if you care to look up events contemporary to 1812 and following. The present envoy's father, Conde d'Alte, was 40 years in the Portuguese diplomatic service, representing his country at several courts, including that of the King of the Two Sicilies, and at the Vatican before the relinquishment of temporal

power of the Pope. He has a brother, the Conde de Selir, who was Portuguese minister to The Hague, and another brother has been counselor of legation.

As noted, the viscount has been 19 years Portugal's envoy to the United States. Yet, if you ask even a veteran Washington newspaper man about the Viscount d'Alte he simply looks blank and admits he doesn't know anything at all about him. Before coming here he was charge d'affaires at the Portuguese Legation in Petrograd, after serving as second assistant secretary of the state department of Portugal. He has been envoy here since before the day Manuel was driven from the throne, with the late Gaby Deslys sharing front page newspaper space with him, to the comforting seclusion and fattening leisure of English tennis courts. He has served under monarchy and republic.

Still no one knows anything about him. As far as public memory goes, he has had in the course of those memorable two decades just one great public moment. It was in 1916, when Viscount d'Alte stepped out of his seclusion long enough to mention to the United States that Portugal was contemplating entering the war. He called attention, quietly, to a treaty. It was nearly five and a half centuries old, having been negotiated in 1373 between Edward III, of England, and King Ferdinand, of Portugal.

Let history roll back for a moment while you contemplate that ancient day of ruling monarchs and the necessity of alliance; observe that "scrap of paper," gathering layer on layer of dust, its folds cracking as life disappeared from the fabric. Many kings have come and gone, many wars been fought, many nations scaled the heights and slid down into oblivion.

Viscount d'Alte made no speech; did not call attention to the suggestive inspiration back of the occasion; merely said:

"Here is a treaty. Portugal keeps its treaties. We shall enter the war. It is a nice day. No, thank you, I won't remain."

It simply is history. Of course, before the Viscount performed his modest act, there had been doings across the water, in London and in Lisbon. Portugal is very close to Britain. British interests in that uncertain country are virtually paramount. There was much to be said. Yet Viscount d'Alte, hounded to speech, admitted that Portugal had nothing to gain, and much to lose by entering the war.

This may have looked true then, but is not justified by later events. Portugal remains a small and troubled power, but the nations cultivate her. She is invited to sit in, and say nothing. Her envoy is made welcome to sit in, and say nothing. He is permitted to approve great arrangements and place his John Hancock in the distinguished company of the representatives of dominant Powers. It is a gratifying recognition, and one peculiarly suited to a silent man.

Viscount d'Alte sits at the foot of the table, with China, Belgium and The Netherlands. Behind him sits the interpreter, even more Latin, white and silent than the envoy himself. They note events and are satisfied; or in any event keep silent.

The Viscount d'Alte can congratulate himself that he at least was not obliged to make a long and expensive trip for the privilege of saying nothing. The sessions are interesting; the Conference is interesting; the world watches it; and Portugal is in good company. There is nothing to say.

ERNESTO DE VASCONCELLOS.

LISBON has many glories, but few with more attraction for the visitor than the famous building of the Geographical Society, with its marvelous library and museum.

Of this institution Capt. Ernesto Julio de Carvalho e Vasconcellos is the permanent secretary. He is Portugal's second delegate to the Conference, and "permanent" describes him very well. He is a permanent sort of man. He knows a great many things and he knows he knows them. He wears his derby hat tilted forward aggressively, buttons up his lower jaw and chin in a bunch of wrinkles and looks at you boldly out of two bright, large eyes, as one who says: "You can't tell me anything, so don't try."

The truth is that De Vasconcellos does know, as remarked, a great many things; has written scores of books, monographs, papers and the like; even the London Times has unbent ponderously to praise his researches.

His whole life has been devoted to this work, his field the rich history of Portuguese adventure. The study of Portuguese discoveries, explorations and cartography is the hobby of De Vasconcellos, with which he occupies his spare time in contrast to his regular occupation, which is the study of Portuguese discoveries, explorations and cartography.

Capt. de Vasconcellos is in his seventieth year and thus is almost ready to discontinue his dilettante method of contributing monographs to historical journals and address himself to the serious task of writing a history of Portuguese civilization—a work which, properly laid out, should occupy him 25 years or more; the accomplishment of this would perpetuate for the world the results of his long investigations and give him during his subsequent declining years a personal prestige attained by few young writers.

When you have told the story of the Vasconcellos writings, you have told the story of De Vasconcellos, and, admitting for the sake of argument that he should have found his career in a symphony orchestra, the fact still remains that it is his compositions which have brought him at last on the public platform in this Concert of the Powers.

He was once colonial minister, but he got that post because he had written many notable books and articles on colonial affairs. Apparently he knew all about it. Also he edited for a while *Revista Portuguesa*, *Colonial e Maritima*, whereupon it was admitted generally that no other geezer, Portu or otherwise, knew quite so much about contemporary naval matters as did De Vasconcellos.

For the Portuguese section of the Paris Exposition he wrote "Colonias Portuguezas," which is a permanent work, still publishing, and dealing with conditions in Macao, Timor, Mozambique, Angola, Portuguese Guinea and other fascinating and slightly-known places. A more recent development from this earlier work is his "Portugal Colonial," published in 1919, and containing a complete review and analysis of extent, conditions and products of all Portuguese colonies.

This volume has added much to his renown, because while De Vas-

concellos likes to begin with the early tales of Portuguese adventure he is a man who sees almost as far ahead as he does behind, and talks of railways and irrigation, and maize fields and frozen meat, and dividends, and all the other items of progressive civilization.

His constant plea is that more colonists be sent out, and he has a vigorous way of putting his plea. His wiry, military-looking slenderness, and his sharp eyes make him a vital figure in conversation and the very tilt of his hat bids you prepare to receive a heavy assault on your weakest commonplace.

His monographs on Cape Verde, Portuguese Guinea, Sao Thome Principe and such places are the result of first-hand study. Similarly his commercial geography, and his contributions to famous encyclopedias are all made authoritative by his extensive travels and observations. He belongs, as might be supposed, to all the more celebrated geographical societies and has received orders and honors from many lands.

He is at his best when discussing his hobby, the history of Portuguese adventure; when you contemplate the romantic record, touching this continent so completely and so everlastingly identified with the great age of exploration, you can imagine the store of vivifying legend and fact this man has accumulated and, with one hand on globe or map, unfolds in short, crisp statements illuminated by that conquering eye. He would be, under these circumstances, a grandfather to delight any small boy whose imagination begins to bud.

He is the sort of man any earnest writer would be glad to spend a year with, drawing together the colors of the inspiring picture of that epochal day. But De Vasconcellos thinks there is plenty of time. He has been studying hard for the best part of 70 years and flatters himself he has made a beginning. He believes superbly in his country and is proud of her work abroad.

"The condition of the Portuguese colonies as a whole," he says, "is at least as favorable as that of the colonies of other nations in similar climate and situation."

Really he thinks better of them than that. There lurks a challenge; it simmers behind his eyes, pulses against the tight-buttoned up mouth. He believes the Portuguese are the mightiest travelers and colonizers in the world.

The subject, the captain feels, is one with which he has some acquaintance.

Secretaries and Advisers

JOHN W. GARRETT.

FOR a man who limps and uses a cane, John Work Garrett, secretary-general of the Armament Conference, has covered more ground in his diplomatic career in less time than could any one short of a Jules Verne hero. His itinerary reads like a Cook's tour, and so breathlessly has it been pursued that you wonder he has even one leg left with which to carry on.

He got off to a flying start in 1901, when he was appointed secretary of the American Legation at The Hague, from there to The Netherlands, to Luxembourg, to Berlin, to Rome, to Venezuela, to Argentine, to Paris, to Bordeaux, to Paris, to The Netherlands, to Luxembourg, to The Hague, and here he is, pegging away with a smile, in the center of the Conference chamber and directing goodness knows how many assistants, wearing goodness knows how many spats and comprising goodness knows how many inflated importances.

He has been 11 times chargé d'affaires at the Hague, seven times at Luxembourg, three times at Berlin and four times at Rome. He is the utility man of American diplomacy. Wherever there has been a temporary hole in the diplomatic service they sent for Garrett, and at times he almost passed himself chasing to and fro in the last 20 years. In fact even his greatest admirers did not dare predict he would go so far as he has in his chosen profession.

He knows the most comfortable chair in every American embassy of two hemispheres and gets his mail in Baltimore, as being the nearest thing to a permanent address he ever has had or thinks he is likely to have.

John W. Garrett comes of a well-known Baltimore family, his great-grandfather founding the banking house of Robert Garrett & Sons, in which John and his brother, Robert, are partners. John W. was born in 1872 and became a partner when he was 24 years old, the year following that in which he took his B. S. at Princeton. Only six years intervened between Princeton and his first diplomatic appointment, so that his whole career has been devoted to the service, and in the most varied manner.

He is of medium height, broad built, with a close-trimmed beard. His face is broad and bland; his manner is broad and bland, and he knows every one, which is surprising when you think how little time he can have spent in any one place. But he does, and all the secretaries and secretaries' secretaries in the world (who are, of course, now in Washington) are acquainted with him, and acknowledge that when it comes to secretarying he is the secretariest of them all.

It is perhaps peculiar that his career has been just what it has. But that is precisely the secret of his usefulness, this readiness to do the

SECRETARIES AND ADVISERS



EARL BEATTY



JOHN W. GARRETT



SIR MAURICE HANKEY



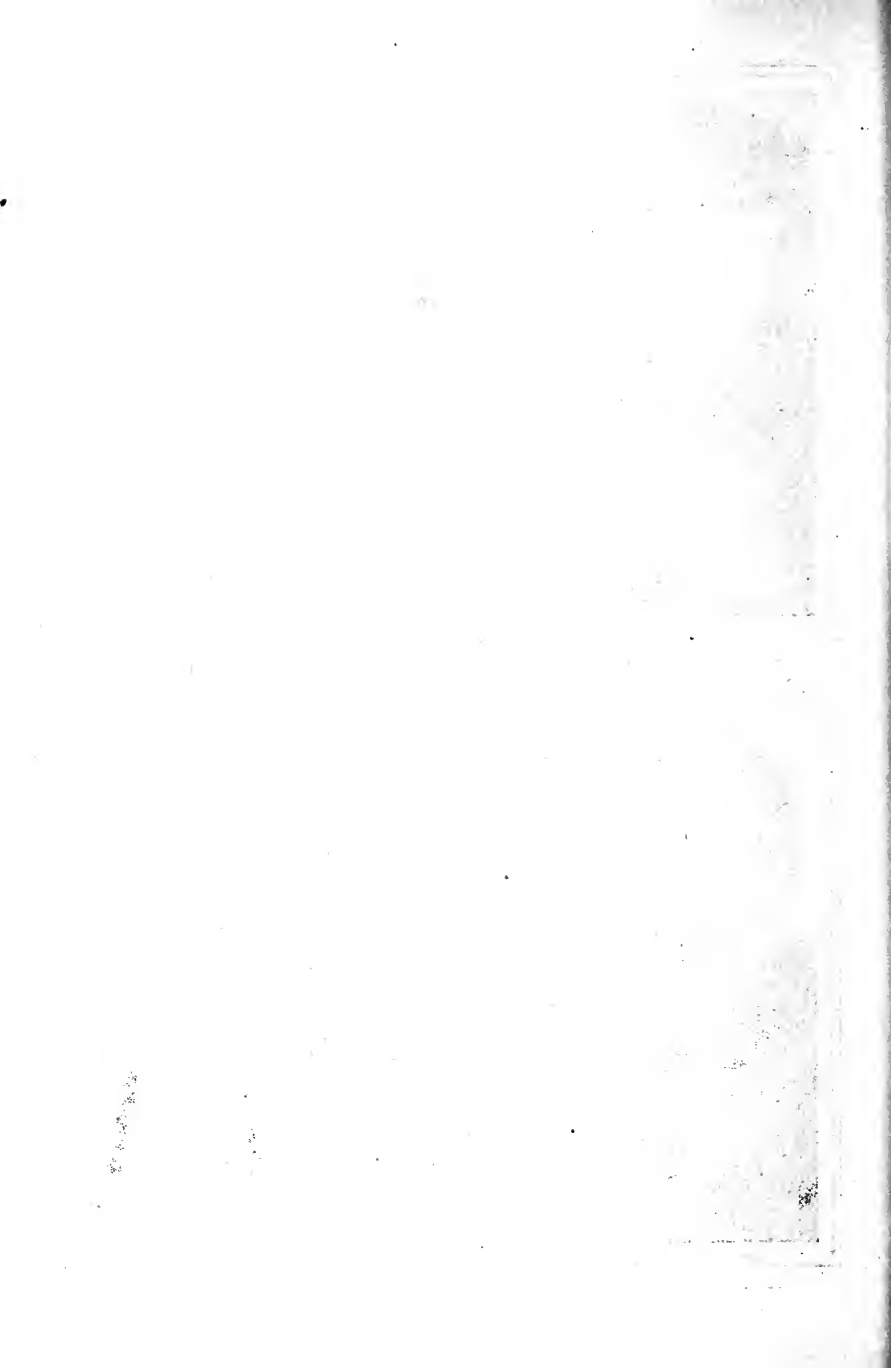
FELICIEEN CATTIER



CHEV. DE WOUTERS D'OPLINTER



G. CAMERLYNCK



chores, keep the furnace going between embassies, pick up the mail and see that there are some postage stamps in the drawer.

It is nothing for an official, say in Buenos Aires, to read one day that John W. Garrett has taken charge of things in Rome and the next day to run into him as he hurries down the steps of the Argentine legation on his way to get a ticket to The Hague, from where he is to make his way to Luxembourg, en route to Berlin.

When he was appointed secretary-general of the Conference here, by some error his name went out as John W. Barrett. Now John W. Barrett was formerly director-general of the Pan-American Union, and is an estimable gentleman given largely to large speech in sonorous phrases. As secretary-general the prospect was slightly appalling. Then the correction was made, which was important, for John W. Garrett is and is not all that John W. Barrett is not and is.

In the first place Garrett is so unlike a diplomat that you imagine for a moment that for some inscrutable reason he has chosen to disguise himself. He looks, if anything, like a Baltimore banker; which is not so surprising, except that few Baltimore bankers are content to look like that.

Not that his dress is not neat; it is. Not that his manner is not sufficiently imposing; it is. Not that he hasn't a retinue of sufficient dignity; for some of his assistants are all dignity and nothing else, not even brains.

It is just that he seems too ubiquitous, too solicitously the secretary, which makes his job well looked after, but is fatal to advancement, since the first requirement of a front-rank diplomat is to be virtually invisible and to do nothing where the public can see it.

Whether as secretary, chargé or envoy, whether attending the National Irrigation Congresses, or the American-Russian sealing arbitration, or the arbitral tribunal in the Venezuelan preferential treatment case, or the Hospital Ship Conference, all of which events have come within his official experience, John W. Garrett has been a thorough-paced worker, covering ground all the time and leaving word behind that whenever someone was needed to stop a waste of effort, to send for John W. G.

He is held justly in high regard by the State Department, which knows that Garrett asks no social reward, but is content to do real work. But he has repute beyond the borders of diplomacy. He is a member of 14 important clubs in New York, Baltimore and Washington, besides his affiliations with the American Society of International Law, the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Forestry Association.

It is a habit to regard the envoys of the United States to the important embassies as social ornaments. Here is the other side of the picture, the American, of abundant resources, with much to invite him to remain in his native land, trotting around all over the globe to offices large and small, attending highly technical and often tedious conferences and after two decades of it, still able to smile broadly and make nothing of a limping step.

Of course, you observed his middle name.

G. CAMERLYNCK

INTRODUCING the Human Echo. Prof. G. Camerlynck knows just how hard on a man an international conference can be. Every

speech made at the Armament Conference he has to hear twice, and for him it is registered in both languages.

Officially he is attached to the French delegation, but rapidly he became the common property of the Conference, and the public, somewhat sated with repeated access to the great, still increases in respect for this dapper, efficient little man who performs such nimble miracles with several tongues.

Interest centers on him almost more raptly than on the delegates themselves. They, it is true, receive the compliment of awed attention; their words may, in any sentence, be pregnant with great issues.

But when each is finished, and up darts the bird-like interpreter, then there is a craning forward in the seats and animation in every countenance.

Will he slip just once, maybe? He will not. Will he overlook a gesture? He will not.

Will he forget that dramatic pause which lent such significance to that declaration? All is suspended as he approaches the fateful point. All eyes are on him. He pauses. The house bursts into applause.

He is distinctly a part of the show, and when he concludes a long speech, like that of Briand for example, there is a round of clapping for the Briand effort and then a hearty chaser in honor of Camerlynck. And he deserves it.

He could be pardoned a little self-consciousness, but apparently he has none. No time is wasted by Prof. Camerlynck in shuffling his papers or clearing his throat. The speaker speaks, Camerlynck writes; what sort of shorthand he uses the writer does not know. But he writes, the English or French going in at his ear, and by that simple process, coming out of his mouth in French or English as may be necessary. There is no pause; while the speaker is still receiving his final cheers Camerlynck is scribbling the concluding phrase. He gets up quickly, shoots a quick glance at the chairman, and is off, making other men's speeches.

"You are," said this writer to Prof. Camerlynck, "an interesting man. Pray tell me the story of your life."

"I feel gratified," replied Prof. Camerlynck to this writer, "at the interest you take in my humble person, but as you know yourself, I am very busy and if I had any spare time, instead of spending it compiling my own biography, I should rather go for a walk in the country."

Busy is a word impoverished when it tries to describe Camerlynck's activities. Remember that every word uttered in the Conference is echoed by him, in plenary sessions and when necessary in committees, and it generally is necessary. He therefore already has recited the entire verbal story of the Conference.

And that does not conclude his work. Always there is someone wanting something interpreted or translated, a telegram written or deciphered, a press clipping quickly exposed.

Scarcely at any time can you find Prof. Camerlynck without an anxious train of compatriots who have involved themselves in some lingual difficulty and desire the quick-thinking, unhurried interpreter de luxe to extricate them.

Prof. Camerlynck has been language specialist at the University of Paris for many years. I don't know with how many languages he is thoroughly acquainted. I believe seven, irrespective of dialects. But

his chief qualification, of course, is his capacity to think in two languages at the same time, thus translating not only the words but the thought behind the words, idiom for idiom, and gesture for gesture.

His association with the University of Paris is a long and honorable one. During the war he was interpreter at the front between the French and British army officials. After that he was attached to the Eighty-ninth American Infantry. With the Armistice he became interpreter for several commissions, including the one on war criminals.

The Council of Five took him, and later the Council of Ten. From that he was promoted to official interpreter of the Supreme Council of the Allies, attending the conference in Paris, London, Spa and Geneva. At the League of Nations Assembly, recently held in Geneva, he was interpreter, and the president, Jonkheer van Karnebeek, gives warm and earnest testimony to his helpfulness.

Reflecting on those early war days when two armies, British and French, were struggling desperately to understand each other in the midst of calamities, and pondering the course of events which have led therefrom to this day of international understanding, what a chapter of history has this man echoed!

Prof. Camerlynck not only speaks languages, but studies them. He has ideas about the American language and is good enough to say that the difference between it and the English is exaggerated. Moreover he considers American oratory the equal of British. In fact he says it is essentially the same. The only reservation he makes concerns what he styles the vernacular of the different sections of the United States. American slang, he adds, is more picturesque and also more tricky than English.

"But then," he concludes in impeccable English, modified by a patriotic French shrug, "slang is not used by diplomats."

As for his tastes, they would savor, he feels, too much of biography, than furnish which he would "rather go for a walk."

"You can take that," he adds briskly, "as one of my tastes, if you think they are really worth recording."

They are. If Prof. Camerlynck wore green socks, I believe it would be worth recording. Of course he doesn't, as far as I know. But a man who can take languages on the wing and renew their life, without missing so much as a pulsebeat, deserves to be honorably and thoroughly known to all people.

With many, language is merely a well-worn and frayed ticket of transportation through life, each stage punching a new hole in it—the final g's go first—but with Prof. Camerlynck it is a vital medium of human understanding.

No flame is perceived above his head. But he is master of tongues.

FELICIEN CATTIER.

FELICIEN CATTIER helps to run China. So he lives in Brussels. He has a great deal of money, some of it his own, and some entrusted to him by others.

In Brussels he has a very nice room, as befits the dignity of the president of the Banque D'Outremer, one of the greatest Belgian banking houses.

So he sits in this nice room, where his desk top glistens comfortably, and people push money across this desk top, and M. Cattier smiles and

pats the money on the back and tells it to hurry to China and buy him a street car system or a railway, and every so often the money sends him back a souvenir, and part of the souvenir he puts to his own account, and part goes to the other people.

And every one is happy.

So, as M. Cattier says warmly and often, Belgium has a very deep interest in China. An interest that is declared at least twice a year, and never falls as low as regular banking rate.

He thinks well of the Chinese, does M. Cattier; he spent much time among them, studying them, finding out how much they earned, how often they traveled, and so on. He is glad to be helping them, he can not buy too many rail—no, that is not the way he wishes it put—he can not “encourage” too many helpful activities, and he would be a happy man if he had enough money to run every railroad, street car and utility in all China.

But what can one man do?

He is a fatherly little man, with a comfortable face, a beard the least bit scrubby and a mate to that of Sir John Salmond; as a beard it is fashionable in Belgium and respectable anywhere. He is a plump little man; plump of frame and plump of feature, with two deep grooves of plenty running down from his nose. His mouth is wide and satisfied.

He dresses neatly, wears a trim black overcoat with a velvet collar, and a silk hat which is tilted just the merest fraction, the most microscopic fraction of an inch over to the right, in the Ostend manner. He signifies his professional detachment from diplomacy by wearing a turn-down linen collar; statesmen favor open wing collars.

He wears glasses with invisible rims and gives the impression that he is for invisible covenants invisibly arrived at; but this may be a misjudgment. He is of middle age and very wide awake mentally, as you might suppose of a man who has a safe filled with Chinese mortgages.

He knows the Orient very, very well. He got his first taste of the possibilities of things years ago, when he served the King of Siam as legal adviser. He was a youngish man in those days, with some ideas about writing books. He returned to Belgium and became a professor at the University of Brussels.

The gap is not filled very well, but perhaps it was his taste for books that made him a director of the Banque D'Outremer; he compromised by keeping books instead of writing them—ultimately had the pleasure of writing bank books, which usually are silent and therefore golden.

His rise in the banking world of Belgium was due to his interest in foreign investments, and it is true that through him and by his judgment millions of dollars in Belgian capital went into China; it is said, also, that no such venture fathered by Cattier failed. In addition to the mortgage business mentioned, he is a director of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Co., which operates coal mines in the northern part of China; director of a Belgian company operating railways in China, and a director of the Chinese Central Railway; then he has a large voice in a concern operating tramways in China.

And other important interests there, he has.

For a quarter of a century M. Cattier has been studying China, during which period few men have been more intimately associated with industrial development in that land. He bases his success on a

thorough understanding of the Chinese people, and it may be said that when he sends a dollar adventuring in China, he knows by first hand observation every high road along which it will travel.

He puts his case rather neatly, M. Cattier does—begins by talking about the missionaries. Belgium has maintained for centuries missions in China. These missionaries have understood the Chinese; and the Cattiers have understood the missionaries.

Or something like that.

From that point the argument is that Belgium, being so strongly interested in the spiritual development of China, thought it a good thing to give them street cars also, and fill their cup to overflowing. M. Cattier invariably links the two enterprises, spiritual and commercial.

Or something like that.

On the basis of these extensive operations, Belgium considers she should have much to say on Far Eastern affairs, and that she, through her progressive business men, has about as large interests in China to protect as any foreign country. These activities M. Cattier, in his chatty way, alludes to as "Belgium's great services to China."

It is M. Cattier's business here to keep these facts well in view, and to remind the Belgian ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, if, and when necessary, of that shining desk in Brussels and all it represents of Belgian interests in China. Assisting M. Cattier in assisting the Baron de Marchienne are the Chevalier de Wouters d'Oplinter and Jules Jadot. The Chevalier formerly was legal adviser to the Chinese government, and Jadot is manager of the Lung-Hai Railroad.

M. Cattier is an encyclopedia on conditions in China; talks freely thereon; does not hesitate to express the opinion that benevolent development by sensible capitalists will do a lot for China and the road must not be made too disappointing for investors.

But as to the policy of Belgium at the Conference, M. Cattier is carefully non-committal.

Personally his manner is affable and almost winning. His eyes are shrewd and he can see all he needs to see without opening them very far.

His gaze constantly is like that of a man looking at something far off; probably in China, where naturally so many dollars must need watching.

Or something like that.

CHEVALIER de WOUTERS d'OPLINTER

LOOK at these Belgians! Invited to a Conference where their sole concern appears to be their interests in the Far East, they content themselves with one diplomat, their ambassador, but surround him with three technical advisers, two of whom represent their biggest banking interests in China, and the third their leading administrator of Chinese utilities. Business before oratory.

The Chevalier de Wouters d'Oplinter ran away and made his fortune. Ran away, not from home, but from the government service; to which he has returned unlike a prodigal son, but with something besides keys to rattle in his pockets, and a great many things beside the memories of pigs' husks stuffing his head. He is vice-president of the Banque Belge pour l'Etranger.

Thus, like his associate with the delegation, M. Felicien Cattier, he

has his finger not only on the pulse of China, but on the pocketbook. Yet the Chevalier has a kind heart and behind his half-closed eyes is an open mind. He was one of the first to indorse China's Ten Demands (since mislaid by the Conference), and expresses himself as convinced that the Chinese are capable of perfecting and maintaining adequate machinery for the administration of justice.

He had been 10 years in the Belgian foreign office when he was appointed legal adviser to the Chinese government in 1896. During the succeeding three years he had his eyes opened; every Belgian is born with an acquisitive bump highly developed; it is racial. De Wouters saw there were manifold opportunities for acquiring things, quite honestly, in China, for China was just emerging, was just beginning, still with suspicion, to tolerate western interest. De Wouters got an idea; his shrewd face betrays him as a man fertile with just such ideas.

He threw up the government service, returned to Belgium, poured into the right ears his story of opportunity. These ears tickled pleasantly at the words of De Wouters. Belgium knew something of China; long had maintained missions there. De Wouters was a cautious, conservative man, a tight-lipped man, a man not likely to let any francs go astray. The answer was obvious: Make De Wouters a banker.

So was the Chevalier launched in the banking business with the understanding that he was to operate in China. This he did so very successfully that it is said of him, equally with M. Cattier, that nothing they have touched in the Orient has been a failure. The building of railroads, the opening of mines, all manner of constructive undertakings have had the benefit of the advice of De Wouters. A quarter century has sufficed to raise the young diplomat from the seeker after capital to one of the greatest financial powers in Belgium, where everyone makes money.

As far as his work in this Conference is concerned, the Chevalier confines his speech to the committee considering the question of extra-territoriality in China. He is rarely seen and is one of the very hardest men in Washington to discover. Yet he is worth discovering, if only for the very detailed knowledge he has of China, a knowledge far exceeding the matter of vast investments, but including the finer and more difficult facts of provincial relations and the working of the varied Chinese mind.

De Wouters has made money in and out of China, yet it is hard to believe that under this shrewd, business-like front and well-shaped head, so typically and singularly business-like, there does not exist a very real and deep interest in the Chinese people. He has interested himself particularly in Chinese law and, apart from the Chinese themselves, is the Conference expert on the progress of the civil and criminal codes of China.

In virtually every issue that has arisen on these questions—and on the maintenance of justice rests credit and the enforcement of credit—the attitude of De Wouters has been one of quiet encouragement and praise for the Chinese efforts. He has been heard to express the opinion that if the world would show some confidence in China the Chinese might feel some confidence in themselves; and his action is by way of setting an example.

Yet none would accuse De Wouters of being an altruist. No

banker ever is. And De Wouters is not merely a banker, but a Belgian also of the most cautious type.

It is a matter of record that the Chinese have received prompter acquiescence in their requests from the Belgians than from any other of the delegations at the Conference. Which leads the observer to suppose that the De Wouters and the Cattiers, while they have been studying Chinese finance, have found opportunity also to study Chinese human nature.

SIR MAURICE HANKEY

YOU may describe Lieut.-Col. Sir Maurice Pascal Alers Hankey, if you wish, as the "super-secretary," or as the "prince of secretaries," but neither does him justice. The human blotter would come more nearly accurate; but a blotter retains an impression; Hankey does not. He is the mirror of events, instantly reflecting what is before him, but retaining nothing which the eye may detect when the event has passed away from before him.

Yet the trouble with this figure is that it is quite inaccurate, and therefore you are advised to ignore it. For unlike a mirror he retains everything, and unlike a blotter, the impression is not blurred. In fact, it is best to dispense with all figures of speech, and just say what might have been said in the first place, that Col. Hankey is a man of marvelous memory, a passion for work, and a capacity for holding his tongue. Those three, together, constitute genius.

Hankey, 45 years old, is the son of a South Australian, and was educated at Rugby. After attaining captain's rank in the Royal Marine Artillery, he entered the naval intelligence service and became assistant secretary, in 1908, of the Committee of Imperial Defense. In 1911 he was informed his work henceforth was to be secretary of that committee and any other important committee for which the government might want him.

"But," protested Hankey, "I have my commission."

"You are through with your commission," replied Mr. Asquith, "and tell that to the Marines."

So Hankey did, quitting the active list of the army; and from then on he has been almost what might be called secretary to the British Empire.

His genius for organization is discernible here in Washington, where he is secretary-general of the British delegation. His staff is a complex one, touching the interests of the widely-separated dominions, yet it is a very smooth one.

For that matter, Hankey himself is a very smooth one, too. Smooth is his method, for he it is who runs around with the handy little oil can, which keeps the wheels of cabinet and ministerial conferences moving with never a squeak or a rattle.

For 14 years he has been secretary to all the important British councils and conferences and was the first secretary the British cabinet ever had.

His rise, internationally, is the story of a brief-case. This brief-case shares Hankey's fame. Before he starts to a meeting of any sort Hankey instructs an assistant exactly what documents to put therein. His record is that never yet has he lacked what was needed, however wide the range of the discussion.

Old Georges Clemenceau, needing a document during the Paris Conference, invariably turned to Hankey with a toothy grin and exclaimed, "Come along, now, pull it out of that bag of yours!"

This bag of Hankey's was so unfailingly resourceful that from being British secretary at the Conference he became secretary to the Big Four. Ray Stannard Baker is authority for the statement that frequently Hankey was the only man present at their deliberations. And Hankey never talks for publication.

Secretary to the original British war council, to Asquith's war committee, to Lloyd George's war cabinet, to the Peace Conference, to the Supreme War Council, to the Imperial Conference, and to the British cabinet, it is clear this man must have heard a lot of things tempting to relate. He is the only man who attended every political and inter-Allied conference from the beginning of the war to the present time.

Not only does he keep the records, but he devises the organization so essential to a secretariat, and develops the ideas for its success. His extraordinary memory helps. He has a mind like a date book and can tell the What, Where and Who of any given meeting he attended.

He can tell what was said, by whom, and with what conclusion to such a degree of accuracy that his account is never so much as challenged. After a meeting through which he has sat attentive, Sir Maurice calls a stenographer, dictates the proceedings, using the indirect speech, putting everything into the third person, a distinctively British method of reporting, and one of which he is a master.

Several fine examples of his work along these lines have become available in published reports of conference committee meetings. They are not signed by Hankey, but no other quite so clearly masters that style.

His facility in producing fact or document have made him indispensable. This facility he amplifies by hard work, his labors lasting from 8 in the morning until little short of midnight. He reads little; mingles scarcely at all. Tennis he has forgotten.

Pleasant in manner, he finds little opportunity for society. His whole life is spent in absorbing and indexing the information passing through his mind from day to day. He affects no genius, simply has adopted a line of work at which he excels and sticks at it with single devotion.

Premier Lloyd George proposed his name for the Grand Cross of the Bath, saying: "He took no part in battle, but he was as essential to our success in war as any man. His services were known to few, but none rendered greater service, and therefore he is the more worthy of honor and thanks."

This is all very well, and doubtless Sir Maurice was pleased. But it is a safe bet that the G. C. B. was carefully laid away in its case, and that Hankey himself celebrated the occasion by purchasing a brand new pen and a writing pad. For his supreme dissipation is to indulge in the writing of the orgy of other men's words.

EARL BEATTY.

"**N**OW," the expression of Admiral Earl Beatty seems to say, "is there anyone present who would like to start something?"

This trim, alert, fighting idol of Britain's navy, the boy prodigy, was one of the most colorful personalities in the early days of the Conference. His jaunty figure brought the sightseers on the run, and it

was necessary to run, too; for Beatty moves, as he talks, with energy and dispatch.

In the early months of 1915 this writer was talking with the old nurse of Sir David Beatty, as he then was. It was just after the bit of business off Helgoland, and all England was happy about Beatty.

"Davie," cackled the old lady, "was a good boy; but he always would want his own way." She paused to conjure up some incidents when he wanted his own way, and got it. Then she added roguishly, "And the girls all liked him."

"Here's biography. Magnificent old lady! Go on, go on! The girls all liked him. What then? Eh? * * * Oh! * * * The young rascal! * * * No, not a soul. Of course not."

Nor will I.

But here's a man in his forties who—well, here's how "Who's Who" puts it: Beatty, first earl, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir David, O. M., G. C. B., G. C. V. O., K. C. B., C. B., K. C. V. O., D. S. O., M. V. O. Also, of course, he is first sea lord of the admiralty and commander-in-chief of the British navy

Here's a figure to build your romance around. His hair still jet black; his face still firm and ruddy; his step springy; the man whose business it is to fight big ships and who is willing to go a little more than half way in pursuit of his business. He is the living embodiment of the British naval tradition, which battles the enemy wherever found. Now that tough Baron Fisher is gone, Beatty is the inheritor of the Nelson touch. None other in all Britain quite enjoys the halo of Beatty, not even Lloyd George himself. For Beatty is of that stuff whereof dreams are made.

He was born on a battlefield. In the southernmost corner of Ireland, where the fairy tales of the nursery are the legends of invasion, David was born the son of an army captain. He came, you see, of fighting blood, was nurtured on fighting legends, and at 13 entered the navy to help perpetuate the records he had been taught to cherish.

It were idle to chronicle the details of this magnificent career, this life of success and recurring glory.

Within Beatty there seemed to be imprisoned an inexhaustible supply of some driving force which impelled him through the ranks of hundreds of his seniors, and carried him ever up and on, over the heads of hundreds, smashing precedents, a captain at 29, flag rank while still in the thirties—the first since Rodney—first sea lord before he is 50; all that Britain can give him in honor, title, decoration and a position which is the symbol to every Briton of the Empire itself.

Yet an early incident may be retold, as indicating how opportunity always has sought out its favorite. Beatty had won the commendation of Kitchener—no mean judge of men in action—on the Nile in 1898, when he was given the difficult task of getting the gunboats over the cataracts.

Immediately after this successful operation his commander was wounded, and the young lieutenant took command of the little boats and fought his first individual action. This brought him the D. S. O.

Similarly in China, before Tientsin, he was the dashing commander who won his captaincy under fire. Always the word "dashing" applies to his work, whether in those distant waters or speeding toward Helgo-

land, or holding the center of interest at a Washington reception—or courting his bride.

He was a young captain when Arthur Tree, son of Lambert Tree, former American minister to Russia, and his wife, the former Ethel Field, daughter of Marshall Field, reached England. The couple were unhappy, divorced, and Beatty met the wealthy young divorcee. A “dashing” campaign followed, and even Marshall Field himself only heard about the wedding after it was all over.

Beatty is a man of compact, well-knit frame, square, broad shoulders. His air is alert, and almost bird-like. In the Conference he sat, shrugged up, head drawn down into his shoulders; lips tightly compressed; something about him conveying the sense of restrained immeasurable power. You could not help feeling that even in that most impossible place one word would bring Beatty to his feet ready to sail a fighting fleet clear out of the Memorial Continental Hall and down the Potomac. He looks always ready for action.

In mufti he favors a derby hat—yes, perched at an angle—and a stout cane; and he walks with a free, long stride. In full dress he escapes what might be a ridiculous over-adornment by his frank grin which seems to say, “Yes, I know this gaudy stuff is a bit out of place, but what does it matter, anyway?” and with his cocked hat tilted over his left ear, off he strides to see the President.

Like most men of large frame, his dress clothes have a habit of wrinkling up on him, as if the muscles of energy beneath resented the stiff and creased imprisonment.

His eyes are invariably narrowed, and his grim mouth takes on a crooked curve when he talks. When he smiles, you see one row of white teeth, and the tight-drawn lips almost disappear; it is a baring of the teeth, relieved by a slight wrinkle of affability on either cheek. When he speaks or smiles, also, his nostrils are usually distended, which, if you have never noticed it, indicates belligerency or, in its mildest form, opinion strongly held.

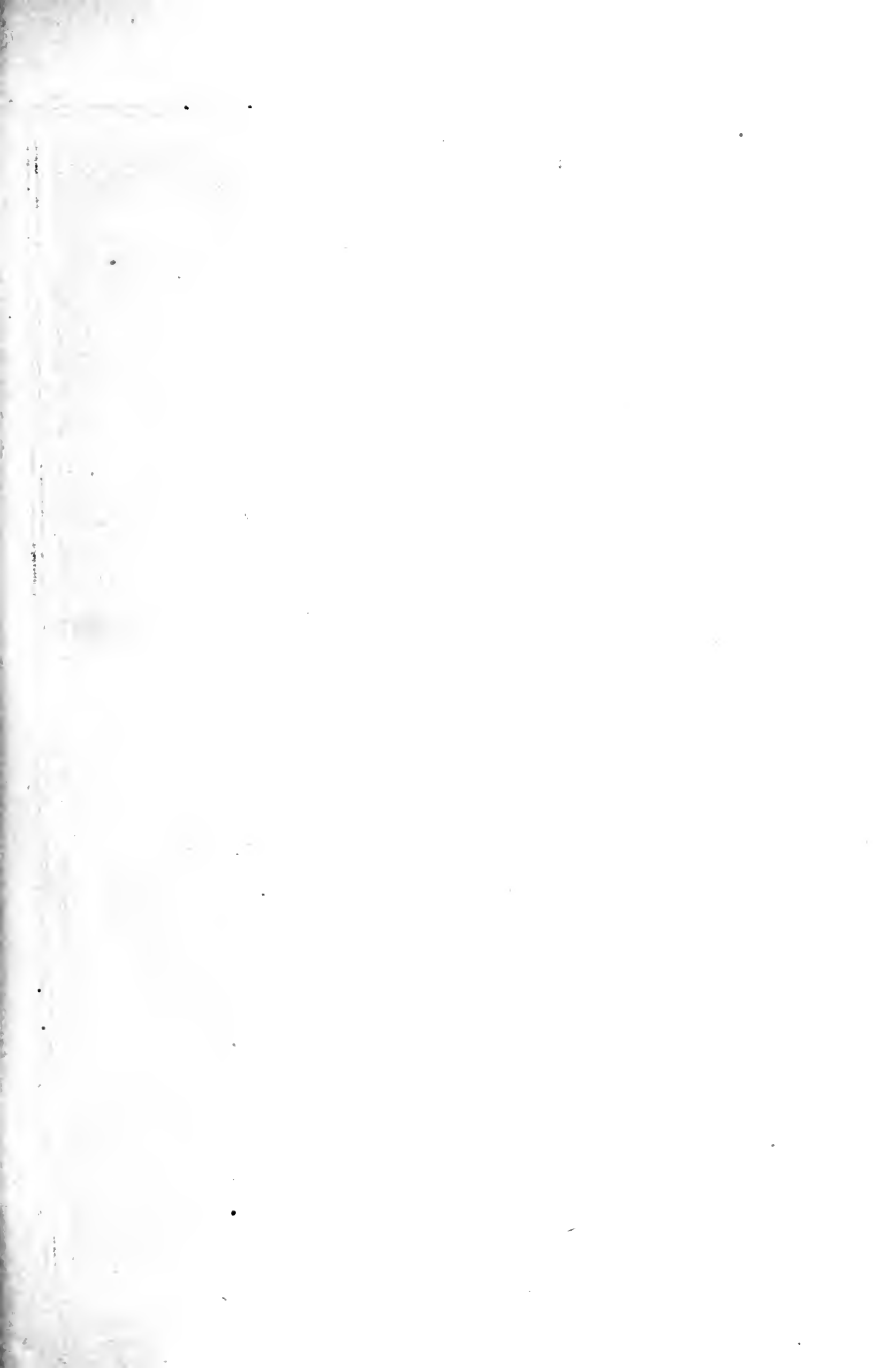
His colorful life has seen fighting on many seas, duty at court, and the slow solemnity of the admiralty office. Britain idolizes him. When Jellicoe, the prudent, kept ships in safe waters, the public groaned and said to each other, “If Beatty had that job—!” leaving it to the imagination to supply the fireworks that would go off immediately.

However, Jellicoe preserved the fleet, or most of it, and Beatty now commands it, having got his great chance at Jutland.

He helped to make history with the Lion, but today it almost seems that the most interesting history Beatty has written has been his own. For even Nelson had to wait longer for less reward. But this boy prodigy is born to fight, and he has the helpful superstition of unbroken success.

Hunter, the American, wrote of him as a tennis partner, when the two were on the short end in the middle of a set. “Come!” ejaculated Beatty. “We can’t let matters stand like this. It would never become us to be beaten!”

So they won.
That’s Beatty.



UNOFFICIAL PERSONAGES



LORD RIDDELL



SYNGMAN RHEE



MA SOO



WILLIAM E. BORAH



CHARLES A'COURT REPINGTON

Unofficial Personages

MA SOO

THIS is the sort of story that can be told only in confidence. Diplomats like President Harding would say it is "prejudicial to the public interest." Therefore clearly it should not be written—except in this confidential way. The facts are known only to 374 newspaper correspondents, 81 Chinese advisers, 73 Japanese advisers, and a few thousand others here and there, in London, Tokio, Washington, Pekin, Canton, Paris, and so forth; say, in round numbers, a million. Or make it two. But, anyway, it is confidential.

The story is of Ma Soo. Ma Soo is the man who represents the Other China, the China outside the Conference; the noisy, aggressive, critical China. Dr. Sun Yat-sen's China; the Republic of the South.

Ma Soo is the man who, whenever the Pekin delegates do or say anything at the Conference, shouts hoarsely that it is all wrong; and who, when the Pekin delegates do or say nothing, shouts hoarsely that it is all wrong.

He is a matter of much concern and annoyance to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Balfour, the Baron Kato, and others who like to speak softly. Yet there he is, with his office rent paid, and a stenographer and a typewriter and a mimeographing outfit, in a free country, more or less.

Now the essential element of the negotiations between the Powers and China is silence. China is addressed, in substance, like this:

"Now, we all love you, and are going to do great things for you. But you must sit still and wait; always wait; do not talk, and especially do not talk when newspaper correspondents are around."

Now, China believes the world is with her and believes that if she had courage to get up and shout the news, she would win. But, after all, even a Chinese must live; and, if the Powers were thoroughly displeased with them, the Chinese at Washington might find it difficult to continue living at all.

This is very sad; but it is true. China—the China of Pekin—knows that so far she has got nothing she hoped for, but a lot she expected. She knows that when the Powers invite her to pick up shining gold pieces from the floor the gold pieces are red hot and have been glued down. Her role, she knows, is to smile blandly, mutely invite the world to behold the generous gesture of the Powers, pretend to pick up the gold pieces, and adroitly slip into the background—and wait.

Here is where this Ma Soo comes in. He never sleeps. Directly the Pekin delegates step forward to do their little make-believe, Ma Soo yells out to everyone everywhere, "Lookut! It's a fake!" So that the Chinese from Pekin are humiliated and the Powers confused.

This has gone on unfailingly throughout the Conference, with the

result that even the public has few, if any, illusions about the way China has been handled in Washington.

Ma Soo is slight in build, pale in feature, and with subtle eyes. His expression is one of frankness; but the frankness is superficial and conceals a most adroit brain, which describes circles around every question you put to him. His voice is soft and his whole manner one of deference.

On one subject he is very definite: the attitude of the Sun government toward the Conference and toward Peking. He has two prime essentials which he advances persistently, and has ever since the beginning. They are:

Abrogation of the notorious 21 demands made by Japan;

Resignation of President Hsu of Peking.

All efforts to consolidate the two factions split on that formula. With the first point, the 21 demands, every statesman in his heart is in cordial sympathy—that is, except the Japanese, of course, and even they know that by Western standards the demands are untenable. But Japan does not do business with China or Korea on Western standards. As to the second point, the statesmen feel less strongly, because to them it presents a domestic issue—all except Japan again, of course, who has a prime motive in upholding Gen. Chang of Manchuria, who upholds President Hsu at Peking, who upholds himself very precariously on a limited amount of pocket-money.

Ma Soo's theory about President Hsu is that he was imposed on the Chinese people by Chang and his group, while Dr. Sun is the only president of China legally elected. Hence he demands the resignation of Hsu and the recognition of Dr. Sun, and the only possible compromise would be a general election.

He is a busy man, is Ma Soo, in his little suite of offices. He is the only man more or less connected with the Conference who is in a position to speak his whole mind. His first argument is that the Peking delegates have no business here at all; his second is that their position has been taken badly; his third that they have remained silent; his fourth that they have permitted themselves to be buffaloed; his fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth that they are, have been and always will be wholly in the wrong.

These arguments he reasserts every time China gets in the news, exposes the beautiful fallacy of Mr. Root's compromises, derides the weak-kneedness of the unhappy delegates from Peking and asks the world is there no balm in Gilead, meaning is there no justice for China? To this writer he declared his creed more than once.

"It is no good, our looking to the United States for justice," he asserted, "nor to any international court. We must save ourselves; all we ask is permission to do it."

Only he doesn't use the word "permission."

This man talks of rights and takes the amazing position that time has not made wrongs rights, but that wrongs dating a long way back still are wrongs; a position, you can see, which is quite untenable by the Major Powers.

However, there he is, Dr. Sun's envoy, voluble and adroit, biting in his speech and decisive in his arguments. For him the Conference never has been held; and for his China its decisions have not been made. Not while his voice holds out.

SYNGMAN RHEE.

OUTSIDE the door of the Conference there stands a figure. The delegates see it and see it not, averting the head and pursing the lips. The figure holds in its hand a document. The document is 42 centuries long. The figure is Korea.

There is nothing spectacular about Dr. Syngman Rhee, "president of Korea"; nothing perfervid or emotional. He is a quiet-voiced, slow-spoken man of scholarly mien, out of a race of scholars who had their groups when England had only Chaucer. He embodies a tragedy. Quietly, firmly, without banging on any doors, or leading in any tumultuous protests, Dr. Rhee with a simple gesture holds out to the powers this document of history.

There can be only one answer. They know it. So they keep silent, being fearful to make it. They can suggest, obliquely, perhaps, to Japan—but Japan is adroit at evading suggestions.

Only Japan can make the answer effective; and she won't unless the Powers insist, and the Powers are uncomfortable when it comes to insisting. They, too, possibly, have a Korea—. So, silence, and the bitter embarrassment of that figure of quiet dignity and eternal reproach, the moral obloquy of unanswerable history.

Facts—how the Powers hate facts!

Dr. Rhee, on the last day of 1921, presented the Conference with a petition asking for a hearing on the Korean question. The document is signed by Prince Ewha, the second son of the former Emperor; representatives of the nobility, delegates from all the 13 provinces and 260 districts of the country, and leaders of all religious denominations, political parties, patriotic leagues, bar, medical and students' societies, labor unions and commercial organizations.

New Year's Day this writer spent an afternoon calling on Dr. Rhee, getting at the background of the petition. He found political drama, born in romance in a day so distant that Europe then knew no nations, and ending in a tragedy of enforced decay while the world preaches humanity and the gospel of a new civilization.

Korea—the Hermit Kingdom, the "land of the morning calm"—lies between Japan, China and Russian Siberia. Its area is 84,000 square miles, not including the "10,000 islands" along its western and eastern shores.

Whence come the Koreans! Malays, Mongols, Caucasians, all have their characteristics found therein. An intermingling perhaps of Manchu, Mongol, inhabitants of China proper and the Aryan race of Hindustan.

At least the Koreans were a race conscious and creative long before Europe knew history.

Until August, 1910, Korea had remained an undivided kingdom for 1,241 years. Only twice in all that period did the ruling house change. Invaders were repelled; civil war there was none. Scholarship and studentship created a literature, for and of the many, while Europe was worshipping at the genius of the one Shakespeare.

Dr. Rhee tells the story of Korea's tragedy well, without theatricals—sadly, movingly. The Russo-Japanese War; Japan's need of a mainland base. "We can not fight Russia without a base on the mainland, we need to use your harbors. You permit us to use your land—no, we

won't ask you to supply troops—just let us occupy Korea for the time being, to fight this war, and in return, you thus being our allies, we guarantee your independence and national integrity.”

Korea, he says, knowing Japan, then suggested: “Put it down in black on white.”

It was done.

“What!” exclaimed the Powers to Japan. “Are you going to occupy Korea?”

“Wait!” smiled Japan. “See the treaty we have with the Koreans! It is all very nice for them—just for this war.”

The Treaty of Portsmouth ended hostilities between Japan and Russia, but for Korea the war never has ended.

The group who signed away her independence have pensions, from Japan; are comfortable. Japan has Korea.

“And Korea,” points out Dr. Rhee, “is the crux of the Far Eastern problem. He who has Korea can, if he will, hold Asia, if he has the forces. He can sweep down through China at will. He can march up into Siberia. Neither Japan, nor China, nor Russia should hold Korea. Korea should be, as she always was, independent. Her independence is the chief factor in the peace of the Far East.”

This is the background which produced Dr. Rhee. Also it produced an army of Dr. Rhee; for, unlike China, Korea is united, knows what it wants, is unanimous in its desires, but is stifled in expressing them.

Dr. Rhee, still a young man, is tall, bulky of build, rather stern in expression, with fine broad intelligent features, as, by the way, have most Koreans.

It is a curious thing, and something this writer never has seen satisfactorily explained, that the Korean more closely approaches the West in conception of mental morality, of human intercourse, than any other race of the Orient. Thus in discussing international cynicism, where a Japanese would smile the Korean looks grave, just as the Westerner looks in a similar case. It was one of the astounding things, this running along of two modes of thought apparently so widely separated, and in detail so nearly parallel.

Rhee took an active part in the reform movement of 1894 and suffered an extended imprisonment for his activity.

It is interesting to look back at that period.

China was asked by the King of Korea for troops with which to suppress the progressives. China, as bound by treaty, notified Japan of her intention. Japan promptly sent over troops also. Japan also proposed to China that they two assume control of Korean reform. China courageously rejected this crafty suggestion and insisted that the Japanese troops must be withdrawn before negotiations could continue, and declared Korea should be left to reform herself. The ensuing war between Japan and China robbed the latter of her suzerainty of Korea, and marked the substitution of Japanese for Chinese influence at the Korean court and the beginning of Japanese intensive penetration.

When Rhee was released from prison he came to the United States, where he graduated from Harvard and received his Ph. D. at Princeton, under Woodrow Wilson. He had come from a well-to-do middle class family, had adopted the progressive faith and was seeking the best tools, those of education, with which to build his temple of liberty.

In 1910, the year of the Japanese occupation, John R. Mott had sent

him to Korea to represent the international Y. M. C. A., but this work he had to abandon because of Japanese obstruction. He went to Hawaii and started a magazine—the Korean Pacific Magazine—started it on a shoestring, but the property today is valued at \$50,000 or more. Also he conducted a Korean school there.

On April 23, 1919, when persecution was at its height in Korea, delegates from each of the 13 provinces of Korea met in Seoul, framed a constitution creating a republic and elected the first ministry, Syngman Rhee being unanimously chosen president.

His taste is for books and he reads prodigally; also writes and is an author of repute. His name is a household word in Korea. Of athletic amusements, he has none in particular. But his scholarly dignity permeates the Korean movement here in Washington and has given it a peculiarly pregnant quality which is hard either to escape or repel.

"You in America," he says quietly, "do not understand Japanese psychology. You insist on measuring it by your own. You are wrong. Japan may say 'Yes,' but she means a 'yes' of her own interpretation, with her own reservations. Japan never yields anything without her price and the interest.

"Scan your history. Not an instance in her record but proves it. When an American diplomat says he will do something, he means just that; the nation means it, too. It goes.

"Not so with the Japanese. You can find important Japanese writers who will admit quite frankly the facts about Korea, who will agree that treaties were violated and that wrong was done, but who just as frankly will insist that it was necessary for Japan—they needed the land or they needed the strategic position.

"There is no secret about it. It is the cynicism of Japanese morality. We wish, we Koreans, before anything else, to preserve our personal honesty."

Simultaneously with the presentation of Korea's petition to the Conference, Korean students in Tokio cabled a similar plea. A cablegram to the Korean mission here reports the arrest of 26 of the signers.

"The gravest risks of a personal nature are assumed by all signatories to the petition," says Dr. Rhee, "because the Japanese military in Korea are severe in suppressing the slightest agitation of a patriotic nature."

But what is expressed by Dr. Rhee and by others of the mission—not in asseveration, but by implication—is that a Korean is willing to die.

Dr. Rhee expects to continue his fight. There is an expression of surprise when any other course is suggested. The republic has its headquarters, not in Korea, but in Shanghai. What of it! You are reminded courteously that the Continental Congress, in 1776, was not recognized by any Power; that the Belgian government was not in Belgium during the World War; that when the United States recognized the belligerency of Czecho-Slovakia, in September, 1918, not a single member of the National Council was in his own country.

There is a sense of implacable endurance about this man, whose words are so few, whose eyes seek his books, but whose mind travels swiftly over international events, and dives keenly to his object. He sees no possible compromise, no remotest opportunity of conversion.

On the one hand a united, coherent and cultural race held in captivity; on the other an exploiting Power.

To him the answer is either justice or injustice. Not once did he suggest sympathy. Rather there was the laying forth of a case with the responsibility on the auditor of choosing his side. If the case is just, then, Dr. Rhee's attitude implies, it is not for us to ask you to help—it is for you to decide with your own conscience where you should stand.

There is scarcely an issue in the world, it seems, as clear cut as this of Korea.

Dr. Syngman Rhee, by his refusal to play the hero, by his attitude of dignity and quiet insistence, is doing his best to keep it so.

But it makes the Conference uncomfortable.

LORD RIDDELL.

LORD GEORGE ALLARDICE RIDDELL is something of a conundrum. He is the super-press agent of the British government, but he belongs on the stage—in social drama or high grade comedy.

No chronicle of the personalities of this Conference would be complete without Lord Riddell—one of the prime exhibits of the notable gathering. Tired journalists drag themselves wearily down to the delegation offices, giggle a bit with Lord Riddell and come away refreshed if not informed. He is David Lloyd George's left hand; until the Little Welshman came into power and made publicity a frank weapon of British government, Riddell was a wealthy publisher who played a good game of golf and did not care much how he dressed.

Today—well, he is Lord Riddell, with every waking moment spent in company with the great. The confidant of Balfour, the instructor of lesser delegates, he is the voice of authority tempering the enthusiasm of the inexperienced among the delegates with the guile of Downing street.

There is not much to say about his past, for the simple reason that he doesn't talk about it. He was born in 1865, and was known as George Riddell. He married the daughter of W. D. Allardice, a country gentleman of Cheshire, and became George Allardice Riddell. When he was 23 years old he was admitted as a solicitor. And that is all, until you take up his career at the point where he appears as a successful publisher.

It is said he owns, or controls, or has an interest in 70 periodical publications in Great Britain, and it is usual to refer to him as the most influential British publisher, next to Northcliffe. There is, of course, no comparison between the two men; not the least in the world.

Northcliffe has always had, has now, will have as long as he lives the instinct of aptitude for editing; Riddell is conspicuously and exclusively the publisher, the organizer of business offices, and founder of substantial under-pinnings for journalistic enterprises.

Under the rose it is whispered darkly that he is a Scot, but that may be a professional canard, it being desperate belief on the part of all writing men that the business office is run always by Scotchmen.

Of his numerous publishing enterprises he is most proud of his great weekly paper, the *News of the World*. This is, like many similar newspapers, including the *People*, *Lloyd's Weekly News* and *Reynolds'*

Weekly, intended for Sunday consumption by the working and middle classes after the roast is finished.

Journalistically the News of the World is not of a high caliber, but as a resume of the darker side of life as shown in the police courts during the week, and as an index to current sports, it is remarkably complete.

A word is due this astonishing paper, for it is an important development in the history of journalism. It was established in 1843 and passed from father to son through three generations, before reaching its present owners, of whom Lord Riddell is the chief. It started out to sell at 6 cents and the original publisher, John Browne Bell, printed a declaration in his first issue promising not to raise that price, and added that his policy was: "Our motto is truth; our practice is the fearless advocate of truth."

In 12 years the paper had reached the, then, astonishing circulation of 250,000, but adherence to the 6 cent price, when competition arrived, permitted this to drop until it passed to the Riddell group; since then it has swollen to more than 3,000,000, using a trifle of 6,000 miles of paper a week. This recovery was due to the good will the paper had established, but it is interesting to observe that the paper which had the largest circulation in 1850 is the paper with the largest circulation today.

Lord Riddell has stated that the returns from it, nevertheless, are under 5 per cent. Incidentally, it was the first paper to give an auditor's certificate of net sales and to throw open its books to bona fide advertisers.

Among its traditions is printing the first news of the death of King Edward.

Its most famous department is its Golden Column, wherein are printed details of fortunes awaiting unknown owners.

Riddell until 1915 was chairman of directors of the Western Mail of Cardiff. Years ago he joined the board of the Newnes Co. Sir George Newnes, it will be recalled, in his Strand Magazine, first introduced Sherlock Holmes to the public. Both Lord Riddell and Sir Frank Newnes are directors of Pearson's (in England), whose famous Pearson's Weekly is a rival of Northcliffe's Answers and also to Tit Bits. A good story is told, this writer believes by H. Simonis in his "Street of Ink," about Pearson's Weekly and its early struggles. There was an influenza scare, and someone suggested that if Pearson's could supply its readers with eucalyptus it would make a hit. Pearson got all the available eucalyptus supply and an entire edition was saturated with it. For weeks persons went around with a copy of Pearson's Weekly under their vests.

There is no excuse for including this story here, because it happened before Riddell's participation in the directorate, but it has been clamoring to be told for three years.

Lord Riddell's trademark, as expressed by himself, is: "News of the People, for the People."

He enjoys the distinction of not owning a single London daily.

Riddell first brought himself to the attention of newspaper correspondents generally at the Peace Conference, in Paris, where the word got passed around that seeing Riddell was, in fact, seeing Lloyd George. Then, when British affairs moved back to London, Lord Riddell was

found to be a fairly prominent liason officer between Mr. George and the government on the one side and the press on the other.

Of course they do things differently over there, and the publisher of a weekly newspaper may not have much interest in the anxieties of a daily press. For example, when the Germans were in London almost a year ago, Riddell was to meet the correspondents after the morning sessions of the conference, but he announced firmly that he must have his lunch first and put off the correspondents until 2:30 p. m., thus freezing the most important editions of the afternoon papers.

But in Washington Lord Riddell tries hard to please. He is the most genial of men, and only occasionally does one see a slight frown, a touch of early frost as it were, pass across his eyes. He never lets a British delegate out alone, and none is allowed in the presence of the press, without Lord Riddell is there holding an invisible chain, and cocking a knowing eye along the table.

He is getting on now in years. There was a time when his clean-shaven cheeks were filled out and his tall figure was among the worst dressed in Fleet Street; usually he wore a very old, squashed-in hat and a shabby tweed suit. As the correct dress for Fleet street is a smart frock coat and a silk hat, it was thus obvious to every eye that Riddell either was very wealthy or a personage. He was both.

In Washington he still wears a crushed-in felt hat, but has with it a long ulster reaching to his ankles. Coat and hat off, and one perceives that he dresses now like a butler, a costume thoroughly in sympathy with his features. These have thinned and sharpened, and the full length of his face has become in some way shortened.

Standing there with his head up, chin drawn in, thin lips drawn in and extending wide on either side, and a bland look of attention for his questioner, Lord Riddell makes you feel without raising the point at all that the silver will be absolutely safe and the wine cellar practically inviolate, even if the family remains away six months.

His hair has crept backward and downward to just above the ears, where it is a deferential gray; he wears an odd little pair of nose glasses, with a straight bar across the top, which snaps into place on a spring. He talks nimbly and well, as becomes a man famous for his after-dinner anecdotes and sparkling toasts.

In his two-a-day conferences, Lord Riddell is at his best. If he uses a word not common to the general run of American conversation, he inserts it so gracefully that it strikes no one as unnatural. If a term unfamiliar to him is used by an American reporter, he halts the proceedings to investigate, and adopts the word into his own vocabulary or rejects it.

He throws in a little story here or there, a scrap of history or a bit of gossip, and has a quaint way of putting his own case, which always has the correspondents laughing with him.

He is the exact reverse of accepted British diplomats and publicists. His method is bold, and even startling. He makes news, as the saying goes. The trouble is, however, that it is rarely the sort of news which contributes to permanent action. He points out the scenery to right and left, but remains on his gate, but of course, the correspondents perforce remain there, too, hoping for a signal, if not a portent.

Lloyd George discovered his capacity; Lloyd George made him first a baronet, then a baron. He served Lloyd George and his position as

official spokesman has made him the focusing point of every newspaper man and woman in Washington.

What is his capacity? Hear an admirer, one who has worked for him, speak: "He is a master of organization, personification of shrewdness and business ability and a man with the power of stripping a problem to its bare essentials."

Recovering from this blast, this reporter rises weakly to remark that Lord Riddell is also the human vacuum sweeper, for he gathers up every scrap of intelligence concerning the inner motions of the British delegation, and dumps it all carefully out of sight.

Yet he makes us like it. He tells such good stories.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

AN attempt to play "Hamlet" without a Hamlet is always doomed to failure. So the Conference has discovered. Enter William Edgar Borah, unofficial delegate representing All and Sundry; very much at large.

On that recent Saturday when Charles Evans Hughes made his sensational speech at the opening of the Conference, all good Americans, like Mohammedans at the hour when the muezzin calls, turned to Capitol Hill, and cocked an ear.

Silence.

Messengers, swift-footed, reported Borah to be wagging his tail. All was well.

On that more recent Saturday, when Henry Cabot Lodge did his little political handspring, quoting Stevenson and others (including Lodge), there was an even more pregnant silence, and the ears were cocked so sharply that almost you could hear them tick.

Forty-eight hours of silence, while messengers scouted the kennel in vain and some of the grandest old parties in the Grand Old Party registered senile nervousness.

Then on the clear breeze of a sunny morning, it came. Borah had found the scent, gave tongue and was off. Eliza Lodge thinks he can carry his child across the senatorial ice floes to the safe shore of Regularity which, as every one knows, is Ohio. The voice of blood-hound Borah is borne down the wind and seems very close. Eliza will do well to keep stepping; he who platitudinizes is lost.

This man Borah represents an important and energetic political party, whose activity is limited to the Senate, and which has no other member. He is, in fact, the only effective minority.

Make no mistake. He lacks only the magic hour for greatness; leadership comes to such as he over night, if the cause but fit snugly to his broad and receptive shoulder. A day may dawn to a man like Borah when, he all unsuspecting, young and ambitious causes may scamper up and roll at his feet, begging to be taken up and nursed. The right one, the pick of the brood, the blue ribbon of promise, may be among them.

Don't overlook Borah. He doesn't.

Now, here is a man with obvious defects; also obvious virtues. From these contrasting qualities one, on the right side, stands out, in the opinion of this writer, as the fundamental of Borah's character. It

is sincerity. Many people are sincere; more wish to be sincere; but practical sincerity is a very difficult thing. Borah is sincere in practice.

This is not the catchword of gossip, nor the summary phrase of idle observation. It is based on conversation, carefully directed and scrupulously weighed, with Borah, on subjects ranging from the speeches of Webster to the Four-Power Pact; from horseback riding to the impetus which sends men into politics. A wide range for examination, to which may be added his record, likewise appraised; in all may be found this keynote of single and even simple purpose.

On this basis of sincerity Borah has erected his political hut in which he secludes himself, peering out with a none-too-friendly eye on men and events within his vision. His sincerity makes him suspicious; his suspicions make him a constant challenger of things as they are; his constant challenges bring him publicity; his publicity brings him criticism; his criticism brings him isolation; his isolation brings out his sincerity; his sincerity puts him in his political hut again; and so on, repeating the circle.

Borah still has the Kansas manner; much in the same sense that Wesley Jones has the Illinois manner. Both, for that matter, were born in Illinois and both received part of their education at the same institution. In either case the West is merely an overlay of social and political novelty. But there the comparison ends. Jones came by his political preferment naturally and by tedious association with the proper organizations. Borah was catapulted direct to the United States Senate by opportunity.

There is nothing irregular—could not be—about Wesley Jones, while to Borah the words regular and irregular are not in the political dictionary at all; he is a law unto himself. But the outward resemblance between the two men will be emphasized in the minds of all who remember the Yakima senator before he clipped his hair short.

Borah is 56 years old, in his prime from a senatorial viewpoint. He moved from Kansas to Boise, Idaho, when he was 26. He interested himself in the movement identified with the initiative, referendum and direct primaries, those bulwarks of progressive government. It became necessary to put a ticket in the field, a ticket which might expect defeat in its first test, but necessary as a nucleus of a further and larger campaign.

Borah accepted the nomination for the Senate. The ticket, as was expected, lost. But the next time it won, in 1907, since which time Borah's constituency has become devoted to him, and probably no man in the Senate worries less about his political fences, has a more complete political freedom from the nagging of the home guard than William E. Borah.

This progressive impulse which sent Borah to the United States Senate has remained with him, but never to his own destruction. There he differs from Hiram W. Johnson, and even La Follette. Borah is a political recluse, but not an embittered one. He can be got on with, where Johnson and La Follette are difficult men. He is sane, even in his highest flights, when the conservatism of Kansas restrains the venturesome idealism of Idaho. Thus, devoted as he was to Theodore Roosevelt, and perhaps secretly aspiring to be his successor before the public, Borah left Roosevelt at the parting of the ways which led, for the former President, to Armageddon.

A very able commentator remarked to this writer that Borah's strength and weakness lie in his ingrowing conviction that the country will never choose a President from Idaho; hence, that his limit in position is the United States Senate. The strength is measured in his independence of discipline, reflected in the frequent charges he makes against the unhappy lines of the Republican organization, the weakness is that he lacks an important check which might occasion valuable second thoughts. This is a shrewd appraisal and seems to hit the bullseye.

It is suggested that ever since Borah became aware of this conviction, limiting his ambition, his sincerity has become more obvious; that the Borah of today is far different from and much greater than the Borah of four years ago. Progressives—the hundred per centers—have long memories and do not easily forget that Borah declined the Armageddon test, and acted stiffly on woman suffrage, and in similar ways got himself under suspicion as a trimmer.

This may well be true, without lessening the fact that today Borah, by conviction or expediency, is probably the most useful factor, from the public point of view, in the United States Senate, and one of the most useful in public life.

His sincerity today is unquestioned and entirely unaffected by his own ambitions, if he has any. For example, the average statesman is careful to run away from ticklish questions; many a great name was found unrecorded publicly on the issue of prohibition. The soldiers' bonus is among the most trying questions a member of Congress has to meet, if he can't avoid doing so, with a "yes" or "no." Borah is opposed to it and says so; a most courageous thing, right or wrong.

Wherein Borah has failed to catch the imagination of the American public in any large and national way is his diffusion of interest. Unlike Roosevelt, he never has focused himself on one important issue in such tenacious fashion that the issue and the man become merged and ride on the crest of popularity together. He has fought for many things at once, and none so exclusively as to enwrap him in its glory.

Thus, more than any other man, he brought about this Conference; yet the public is permitted, by Borah himself, to forget this. He, more than any other man, got \$100,000,000 cut from the naval estimates, but again it is permitted to be forgotten.

His career is notable in a hundred ways and celebrated in none. Yet his day may not be measured by anything that has gone. It has to be remembered that until the Harding Administration he was in a vexed position, divided between his opposition to his own party and traditional opposition with them toward the Democrats, who were for a time in the majority.

With the Republican revival Borah's opportunity has come and none denies his able development of it. His attitude is more feared by his own party than anything the Democrats can do.

He is never linked with patronage; no gift of office can purchase him. You may dicker with Johnson, but not with Borah. And while Johnson, hating Borah, is himself only moderately esteemed, Borah, not hating but actively opposing Johnson or Lodge, La Follette or Brandegee with impartiality, is personally well liked in every quarter.

He is a Republican whom no one can claim. He does not play with the Democrats; he is not a member of the Farmer Bloc; he may support it on this issue and oppose it on the next. And he is, without

doubt, the nearest thing to an orator the Senate possesses in this day of feeble senatorial eloquence.

Take as a sample the recent day when he spoke on the Four-Power Pact. He was preceded by Senator Moses, and his apotheosis of Newberry; by Senator Stanley, with a perfervid eulogy of his own humility and success, and by Senator Heflin in an endless flight of rambling, grandiloquent oratory. Then, following this depressing exhibition, came Borah, and the newspaper men, who know when to sharpen their pencils, all sat in, attentive and to the end.

Borah does not drag in the Constitution of the United States, nor does he review the history of civilization. He goes straight to his subject, discusses it without fanciful figures, but in delightful form and easy utterance. You stay until the last word, which rarely is more than an hour distant.

This graceful speech is natural to him. Seated in his office, which is almost among the catacombs of the Senate Office Building, you are astonished at the soft, mellifluous quality of his sentences, the pleasing tone, the easy choice of words and the range of his reading. He is, of course, a striking figure, but distinctly unprepossessing until he speaks, when his face brightens and becomes an interesting background for his speech.

A broad-shouldered, heavy man, with a large square face, almost as if the original outlines had become merged in an overflow of superfluous flesh. There is a good deal of the Celt in him, not only in temperament, but in appearance. His eyes are clear and express his sincerity; the nose is small, ridiculously small for his dimensions, but with that genial haphazard triviality which makes the Celtic nose so intriguing. His mouth is his worst feature, in spite of the strength of character it evidences; it is flexible, even loose, and thinly lipped, and gives the impression of slipping easily, so that words are let out. Undoubtedly there have been times when too many words did slip out, not always at the right moment. But in the Senate this is begging criticism indeed.

Borah confesses to an income too straitened to permit of excessive amusement. He refers gratefully to his daily ride on horseback, and evidently enjoys it. His expressive face is almost radiant and he speaks with comfortable intimacy of re-reading familiar books, setting aside one hour a night for this purpose. Within recent months he has re-read all of Webster's speeches, which may not be the average man's conception of riotous relaxation, but evidently brings ease to the soul of Borah. He takes his joys simply.

A fleeting reference to these cozy hours and his face, with its ample chin and swarthy cheeks, wrinkles in pleasurable reminiscence. Turn the subject to the Four-Power Pact and the face loses its rounded contour, is square and grim, the eyes cold and that appalling mouth very long and straight; two deep lines appear between his eyes, and one imagines that the Republicans in the Senate watch for just that signal, and, when those lines jump into place, speed through the Capitol precincts, hissing the dreaded message:

"Borah's loose!"

He is the guilty conscience of his party; its prodding nerve; its accusing angel which refuses to forget, or ignore, or compromise. He is, in fact, Borah; unique.

There are many things on which one may differ from Borah. But on

this point Washington, outside the Senate, is agreed: Borah is the necessary tack in that lounge of leisure and flabby complacency. He wears no man's collar; he is very much of a statesman; and none knows where his road will lead him. His future still belongs to him. And he knows it.

CHARLES à COURT REPINGTON.

PROBABLY none except his tailor knows the innermost soul of Charles à Court Repington, C. M. G., commander of the Order of Leopold, officer of the Legion of Honor.

If a man is to be known by his clothes, then what a jolly many-sided man is this whom one may know in lounge, so to speak, before noon; in gentleman's walking suit, at lunch; in effective visiting togs, at tea, and quietly radiant at the evening dinner table. Doubtless there are nightgowns, also.

It is a pity Col. Repington is obliged to leave us and take all his clothes with him. Washington loses thereby its brightest sartorial ornament, journalism its fondest pride and the British delegation one of its most faithful critics.

It is a mistake. Col. Repington should have toured the country. The youth of Keokuk, Iowa, should see the manner in which he carries his walking-stick. Gopher Prairie should know the width of his hatbands. He is the correct thing, and he is going away.

On a certain night when the Conference was all ready to break from its egg, there gathered at the National Press Club all the visiting journalists who desired to make plans to hatch it. Among this distinguished company were to be seen two conspicuous dinner suits. One—you have guessed it—encased Col. Repington, and the other—you could never guess this—the evangelical form of William Jennings Bryan. On either side of the aisle they sat, both prophets, both critics—one of war, the other of peace.

People said casually, "there's Bryan," and then animatedly "which is Repington?" Then they fought through intervening bodies to view at close range the man who, who—well, what did he do? Anyway, they all wanted to see him.

If Sir William Robertson is to be believed; if Col. Repington himself wrote the truth; if the gent with a duster was honest, then while Robertson was chief of the imperial general staff in London, drawing up and detailing plans for the war, Repington had a desk there, adopted Robertson's plans and "put them over" with the public.

When you look at Repington, then, you are looking, without doubt, at a man who had a great deal to do with the running of the War.

He looks the part. No man at this Conference comes up so strictly to advance impressions as this soldier-journalist. Men whom you expect to be tottering philosophers turn out to be spry young men in flipflops. Humorists prove to be quiet-spoken gentlemen enwrapped in heavy overcoats and wearing big-lensed glasses. And so it goes—disillusionment on every hand.

But Repington—

He is a tall man, with the merest suggestion of a stoop; this disappears when he walks, for then he is erect. He has the British army face of picture and story—overseeing eyes, slightly fish-like, of which the lids droop; he has, too, what is known as a brandy-and-soda mustache,

and a habit of pulling in his under lip in a highly significant manner. He sees and he does not see. He can see any one he desires to see through a crowd 15 deep, or he can not see anyone directly in front of him.

He might have been, but was not, the individual who, being crowded in the jam up the steps at a plenary session, squeezed himself around and, addressing the men jostling him from the rear, said in icy tone: "I beg your pardon, but do you mind if I remain where I am?"

Repington is 64 years old. He has enjoyed all that England has to offer her most favored sons. Eton was his school; Sandhurst his military college. Thus he had the benediction of society and the accolade of position.

Now it is customary to think of Repington only in terms of war critic, as the famous and involved expert first of the *London Times*, then of the *London Daily Telegraph*; as the man who spilled the *Shell* controversy all over Britain; as the man who wrote a semi-naughty book telling what Lady Doolah said to Sir Harry Hilife. It is apt to be forgotten that Repington enjoyed a distinguished military career before he took up the serious business of capitalizing social prestige.

He entered the "Rifle Brigade" in 1878 and was 20 years rising to be lieutenant-colonel. In that time he served in Afghanistan, receiving a medal and three clasps; was two years in Burma; fought in the Soudan, where he was twice mentioned in dispatches, won the British and Khedive's medal and was breveted lieutenant-colonel in the field, and he served in South Africa, where he was rewarded with the Cross of St. Michael and St. George, was mentioned in dispatches and got a medal.

This is no inconsiderable record, for it includes most of Britain's "little wars" of his time. He was an active soldier and, be it noted particularly, served in those parts where British imperialism most easily saturates the mind of those who fight for it.

In 1899 he entered the diplomatic service, going to Brussels and then to The Hague as military attache.

In Kipling's "Light That Failed," action centers in a group of war correspondents and artists, one of whom, you remember, always enters with the glad promise that there's trouble brewing in the Balkans.

Here is where Repington fits snugly into journalism. He is the creation of Kipling, a fictional character preserved incredibly for the Twentieth Century to inspect. He believes always, "there's trouble brewing in the Balkans" or elsewhere.

He follows the flag. Cast in any of Britain's many roles—as administrator in India, in some colonial island, or as military governor in some remote post of strategy, Repington would be the ideal character of the Kipling theme, the officer and gentleman who talks gruff, and acts shortly and keeps a servant.

Repington has chosen to be the critic. To this task he brings an immense circle of highly-placed friends. He is the sort of man—again the Balkan simile occurs—who has the key to the backdoor of foreign chancelleries, who is "in the know," who will print "inspired" articles, such as give British journalism its peculiar flavor. Wherefore he has, as observed, overseeing eyes, heavily warped and pouched, but eyes of authority, cold eyes and eloquent eyebrows—and a condescending manner.

All these things, the traits of the superior Englishman, who values

his superiority above all else, combine to make the first impression of Col. Repington slightly unfavorable. It is only after many views have made his peculiarity—it is not eccentricity—of manner familiar that you notice another and important phase of him. This lies in his eyes. Cold, gray eyes; pouched, heavy-lidded. But eyes that see everything and every one. They dart masterfully over each figure in the crowd, singling out this or that one for closer observation. But Col. Repington singles out few; those from whom he seeks something; those in lofty place whose word may be worth hearing. He is never casual, has nothing for the chance acquaintanceship of the next seat, limits his sociability strictly to his own hours and his own circles; enjoys the British manner. Patient, most patient, with an inquiring lady with some feeble claim on his courtesy; standing idly and gracefully over her, waiting for her nervous questions, and replying easily, dropping his words carefully as befits a man with a suit of clothes adequate to each and every occasion.

His walks abroad have been solitary; few there are, indeed, of degree high enough to be summoned to his side.

Seeing nothing which would offend him, seeing nobody whose mere presence on the very street would affront him, pulling in his lower lip significantly, he strolls immaculate and superior in such time as is left him between the sacrament of dressing.

The Conference—any conference—would be incomplete without him. For he gives us class.

The Shadow of S Street

WOODROW WILSON.

(Note: This article was published in The Detroit News, December 28, 1921, the sixty-fifth birthday of the former President.)

THE "House of Mystery" belies its sinister repute. Where Woodrow Wilson lives is a sunny dwelling on the slope of a pleasant hill.

Tragedy speaks in whispers where it is forever twilight. The man who rode, Caesar-like, with the world captive at his wheels, is 65 years old today, but some of those years were each 10 years long. The world sweeps by in a circle remote from "2340 S Street Northwest." Nothing touches him there. History breaks through the outer guard of that icy threshold but fitfully, is swallowed up, and returns no echo to the world.

None may ignore the shadow that is there; silent, impressive, it broods, a potent of magic days when words were winged and phrases haloed with the benediction of a magnificent hope. He is mentioned dubiously; with a thoughtful narrowing of the lids; a pursing of the lips; a half-finished sentence . . . trailing off . . . into an unanswered doubt.

This house—decent red brick, with white arched facings; it has a sweeping line of shrubs between it and the narrow sidewalk; at the back an abrupt hill of trees slips into the valley of houses below. On either side of the shut door four windows; three good stories high, with many windows and never a face at any of them. A door of shining white, made to swing and stay open, inviting to the grateful hall; a baffled door which stammers open briefly and nervously sighs itself shut again, and bids you, in its glistening blankness, "Begone!"

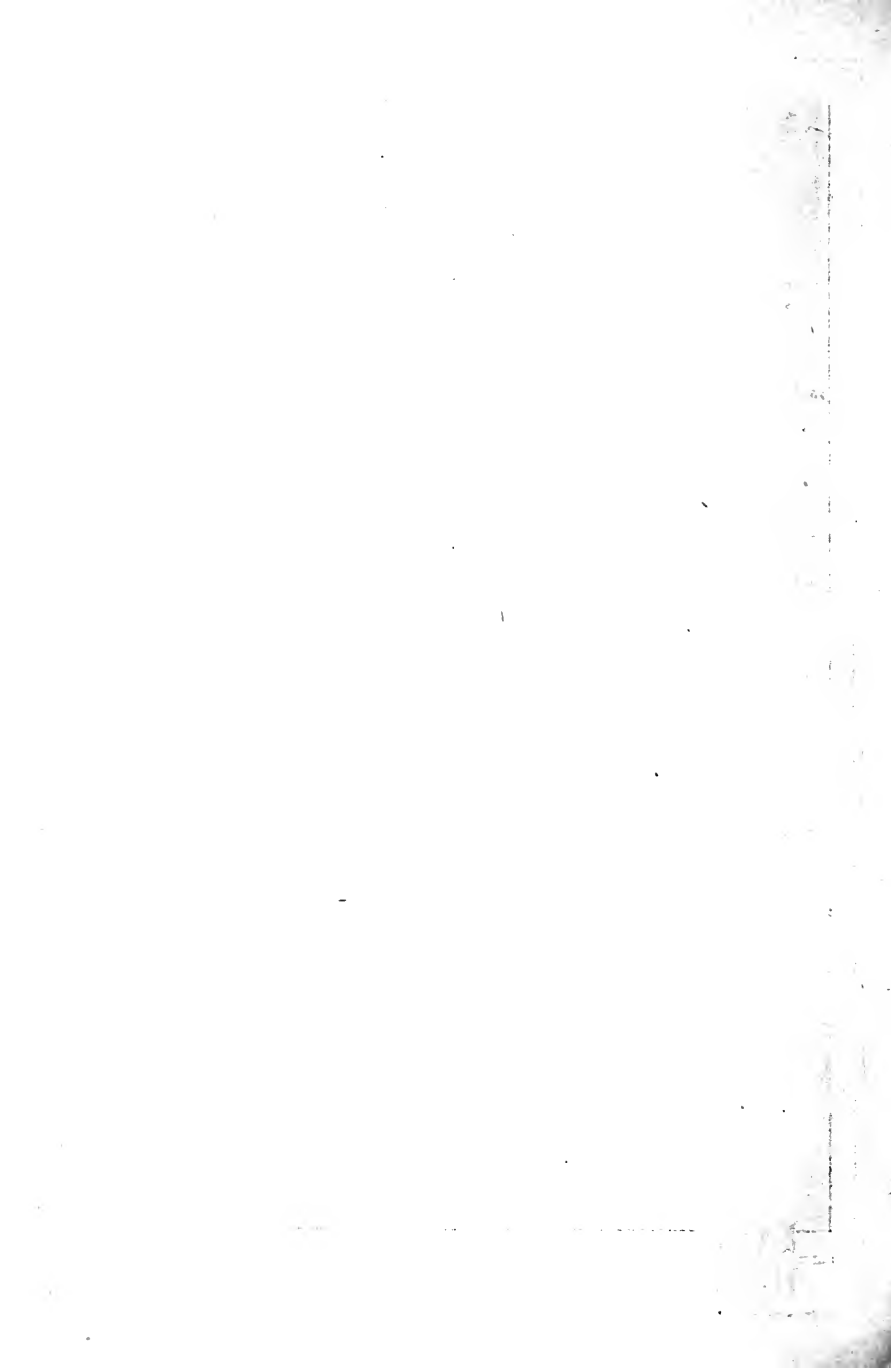
This man, remember, was Caesar. The people chose him. The world accepted him. Millions prostrated themselves at his benign gesture of sympathy. He bore in his hand the rod of Aaron, by which all things were possible, even the transmutation of men's souls. If the age of Caesar was the age of conquest, Louis of courtly splendor, Victoria of the homely virtues, Roosevelt of the robust ego, then surely was the Wilson age that of noble dreams, of the unlocking of men's hearts with the key of illusion, whereby the world wept, repented, promised.

On the rim of the stirring capital, where beats the pulse of the world, he has found his dwelling; the house turning its back indifferently on the scenes and men of the past. The footsteps that break



WOODROW WILSON





the calm silence of this placid, forgetful street are few, those that cross that threshold yet fewer. It all ends at that doorstep with a hush!

* * * * *

The cheer broke out at the foot of the Capitol; faint and self-conscious at first, while the rumbling wheels of the dead still echoed in the ear.

This was on Armistice Day.

The crowd bellied forward in dramatic hysteria to see—what did they look to see?

An old man, gray haired, bowed and shrunken, who smiled a wistful, eager, happy smile of recognition, while his head nodded; a woman, pale and deep-eyed, proudly erect beside him, scrutinizing that self-same crowd, perchance to read how deep was that cheer; she had heard cheers before—Paris! London! Milan! Chorus of released civilization!

Cheers, like tears, may dry up and leave no trace. Tensely she sat, and every man who saw uncovered his head, sometimes awkwardly, in a simple gesture of respect blent with admiration.

Who may write these gloomily-beautiful chapters of sacrifice? Who may tell the story of that broken man, borne through the gray days and long nights by her who, sharing his triumphs, shared no less nobly his tragedy.

So did heroic tragedy pass between the rows of those who came to see the dead and cheered the living; in his wake the gasp of recognition and an awed, fitful cheer.

Before the red brick house they gathered that day in tribute to another day in 1918, when the last shot of the World War fell into history. By their hundreds they came, filling that quiet street, content to wait, hoping for the opportunity to greet him face to face, but eager that he know their presence was for love. They knew not whether, within, he sat alert, dreaming again his dream of them and millions more like them, or wept, child-like, and morosely bade the world he resented, abandon him anew. But he had his hour and recognized them and, moved, gave them a message. So they melted quietly away.

* * * * *

He is already as one dead. His whisper is as potent as that of a ghost, and stops men in their tracks. Physically he is never again able to face a rebellious multitude, nor lead an army to the battlefield of morality.

The withered flesh; . . . the sagging head; . . . the weary heart. . . .

Yet there is a spirit which, winging unseen and by what agency no man may say, appears and halts men's tongues. "Wilson—" they begin, and look quickly over the shoulder, as one who, skeptical, yet mistrusts his skepticism. In a second of time it is gone—this ghost, this winged evangel of remembrance, and with a shrug a new subject enters, an old one resumes; but the other sentence—that one—is left unuttered.

For no one knows.

There are others, a narrow few, who laugh, but laugh less as time lengthens its shadow toward them. To these Wilson is a brief chapter, a pamphlet, read, rejected and cast into the oblivion of discard. As if history ever is wiped out!

But the pilgrims, those who seek out that obscure street to gaze at the shut door and blind windows, they think, so they say, of the prayers he conceived, of the passionate words which lifted up their hearts and consecrated them, even if for only one short fevered little hour, to something selfless and inspired.

The ashes may be cold. The figure shrunken; the lines deep in a gray, lean face; the shoulders stiffly bowed; the eyes uncertain; and in place of the flame which lighted his countenance plaintive, futile tears. But he weeps not alone.

No longer of the world, yet hovering at its edge like the wayward vision, escaping, which we try to recapture. Gone, it may come again, in another form. Its lines no longer are distinct; and changed. One night we held it; awakening it had slipped away, to tantalize us with a wraith.

This is Woodrow Wilson, man and memory, in his twilight.

"So fleet the works of men . . ."

But also:

"The moving finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

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